

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

When messengers came running to the office of Dr. Ferguson, King street east, last Sunday afternoon with a wild story that a score of children were drowning in McNamee's Cut, the doctor rushed at once to the scene of the disaster, only pausing long enough to write an order on a druggist for the quantity of brandy that he might require. He sent a messenger at full speed with this order to Mr. J. R. Lee, the druggist on King street east, and Mr. Lee supplied the liquor, which was quickly taken to the spot where the doctor and others were striving to save lives. Mr. J. R. Lee is liable to a fine of \$50 and costs for supplying that liquor. If he ever does it again he can be sent to jail for four months, and if he is obdurate in this practice of supplying liquor on doctor's orders to save human life, and does it a third time, he can be sent to jail for six months without the option of a fine.

This is according to the new law, passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature, and entitled, "Bill—An Act to Further Improve the License Laws." The word "improve" has a highly humorous twist in this connection.

Of course the Act was not intended to hamper druggists in assisting to save human life, but when you come to examine those things that the Act was intended to do, they prove to be quite as arbitrary and absurd. The Act forbids druggists to sell liquor without a doctor's prescription. Formerly they could sell pure liquors up to certain quantities on registering such sales and keeping the register open to inspection. Now they cannot make a sale without a doctor's order, and even then they are limited to six ounces. If a doctor orders more, he must be refused; if he is not refused, the druggist is liable to a fine, and he seems to be under the same penalties as the man who runs an illicit dive. The Act admits that a doctor, in a case of life and death, may need to use liquor, but it undertakes to say that he need not use more than six ounces. The Government begins to claim a very exact knowledge of medical practice. I do not think that there is more than one doctor in ten who will say that he does not find it necessary to prescribe more than six ounces of liquid at a time. Aside from drownings, and other accidents, there are afflictions of the heart and other seizures in which liquor is administered freely, no other medicine being of any use whatever.

But the Act goes further. It not only requires a doctor's prescription for selling liquor and limits the doctor to six ounces, but in mixtures containing alcohol, the druggist is forbidden to sell in quantities of more than a pint. Who asked for stricter regulations upon druggists? Surely not the temperance people, for I see that Mr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., defended the druggist who was prosecuted on the charge of selling a medicinal wine that contained 13½ per cent. of alcohol. He is credited with having remarked that if the Act precluded the druggists from selling the medicinal wine in question "no druggist could sell any tincture." Mr. J. J. Maclaren cries out against the Act, or against the construction placed upon it by Inspector Dexter. Who is he and where lives the man who urged the Government to impose restrictions on liquor that J. J. Maclaren thinks too stringent? I should like to know who the man is—I should like to behold him so that in mine old age I could boast of having seen him.

If J. J. Maclaren did not stand at the Government's elbow when the Act was being framed (and surely it may be assumed that he would not accept a brief to attack a law which had helped to create), then we may take it for granted that that sleepless advocate of agitation, Ald. Spence of Toronto, who is known as a speaker throughout the Province wherever temperance sentiment is strong enough to take up a collection, was near by, lending carefully selected portions of his intelligence to the Government. Does Mr. Spence, then, realize that the "Act to Improve the License Laws" drives people past the drug stores to the saloons, hotels and liquor stores to purchase the liquors that they use for medicinal and household purposes? If a man wants six ounces of brandy he cannot get it at a drug store without a doctor's order, but he can get it at a saloon without anybody's order. If he has a doctor's order for twelve ounces of brandy he cannot get it at a drug store, but must go to a place where it is sold as a beverage. Is this a temperance measure, or is it a measure intended to make the bar-room indispensable to all classes of the community?

Alcohol is not only the moving spirit in beverages that make men drunk, but it is also a daily convenience, put to many humble and vital uses. If alcohol, and liquids containing it, cannot be purchased at drug stores, the bartenders of this city and province will begin to see some strange faces among their customers.

It may not be out of place to give a list of some of the uses to which alcohol is put:

- Spirit bath.
- Spirit stove for heating baby food, etc.
- Spirit stove for heating curling tongs.
- Spirit stove for fumigating sick rooms.
- Barbers' mixtures.
- Perfumes.
- Liniments.
- Hair restoratives.
- Athletes, for rubbing down, etc.
- Artists' needs.
- Photographers' needs.
- Preserving infusions, etc.
- Preserving gums and resins.
- Diarrhea and pain mixtures.
- Preserving specimens.
- Dentists' needs.
- Cleaning grease spots.
- Toilet purposes.

No doubt this list could be greatly lengthened, but it is long enough to illustrate the every day uses to which alcohol is put. Yet the new "temperance" act provides that the housewife who wants a few spoonfuls of brandy in her cooking must get a doctor's prescription before she can get the liquor at a drug store, but, without any such expense or delay, she can get the brandy at the nearest saloon by merely asking and paying for it. When the wives and daughters of Ontario enter saloons

of these into effect he has brought his municipal career to a melancholy conclusion.

Anything more terrible than the sudden intelligence that your child has been drowned, could scarcely come to any person. That the boy who went away an hour ago—whom you did not speak to or even look at as he passed where you sat reading, whom you could have caused to stay safely beside you had you but nodded your head—can never speak or be spoken to again is a grief that even those who are fathers of boys cannot perhaps realize. The father remembers that he was reading, or laughing, or whistling at the very moment when his child must have been struggling for life in vain. Had he but known! Oh, that he had been there! Why did he not go walking with the boy? How proud the lad was when he went with him that other day to the park, and how he talked—the father recalls every word and animated glance. The kindest of parents always feel, I suspect, that they are somehow to blame when such a calamity befalls the home, but it is their grief that tortures them with such unjust self-accusations.

rations with the Reform party during its twenty years in the wilderness. They relieved many a tedious day and cheered up many a tired brother with their *bom mots*, etc. Now that the party has entered the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, crowded with palaces of ease, what are the rewards of the wits? Of Mr. Pirie it may be said that he has dropped into a serious vein, without making or accepting a quarrel with his party. Mr. Donly, however, is in open rebellion against the Reform Government at Ottawa, and Mr. McGillicuddy against the Reform member, Mr. M. C. Cameron of Goderich. These two men seem hopelessly estranged from the Reform camp. Without entering at all into the merits of the disputes that have arisen between these two journalists and their political party, it may be remarked that it is a strange thing that of all the Reform editors in the country these should be the disaffected ones? Why is it so? Have they been singled out for special slights because of their wit? Or did humor make them sensitive? Must we set it down as true that the man who can neither make nor see a joke is equally slow to see or

nies and local police seem to greatly hamper the course of justice according to the admiring newspapers that record Mr. Murray's doings, sayings and thinkings. The *Mail and Empire* the other day contained the following:

Detective Murray had an uphill battle from the start, but he did his work rapidly and well. In another respect, too, he was handicapped in having a Crown Attorney unfamiliar with details conducting his case. Mr. Pirie did well under the circumstances, he never knowing what the witnesses were called for until they took their positions on the stand.

From first to last the daily papers of Toronto (or perhaps I should say some of them) have decried everyone in sight in order to make Mr. Murray look as big and splendid as possible. First it was the local police, then the Coroner, and now the Crown Attorney must be described as a mere puppet in the hands of the inscrutable and all-wise man who alone worked out his wonderful case. It is to be hoped that we shall not be called upon to see such an extravaganza again. It has appeared on the stage too often.

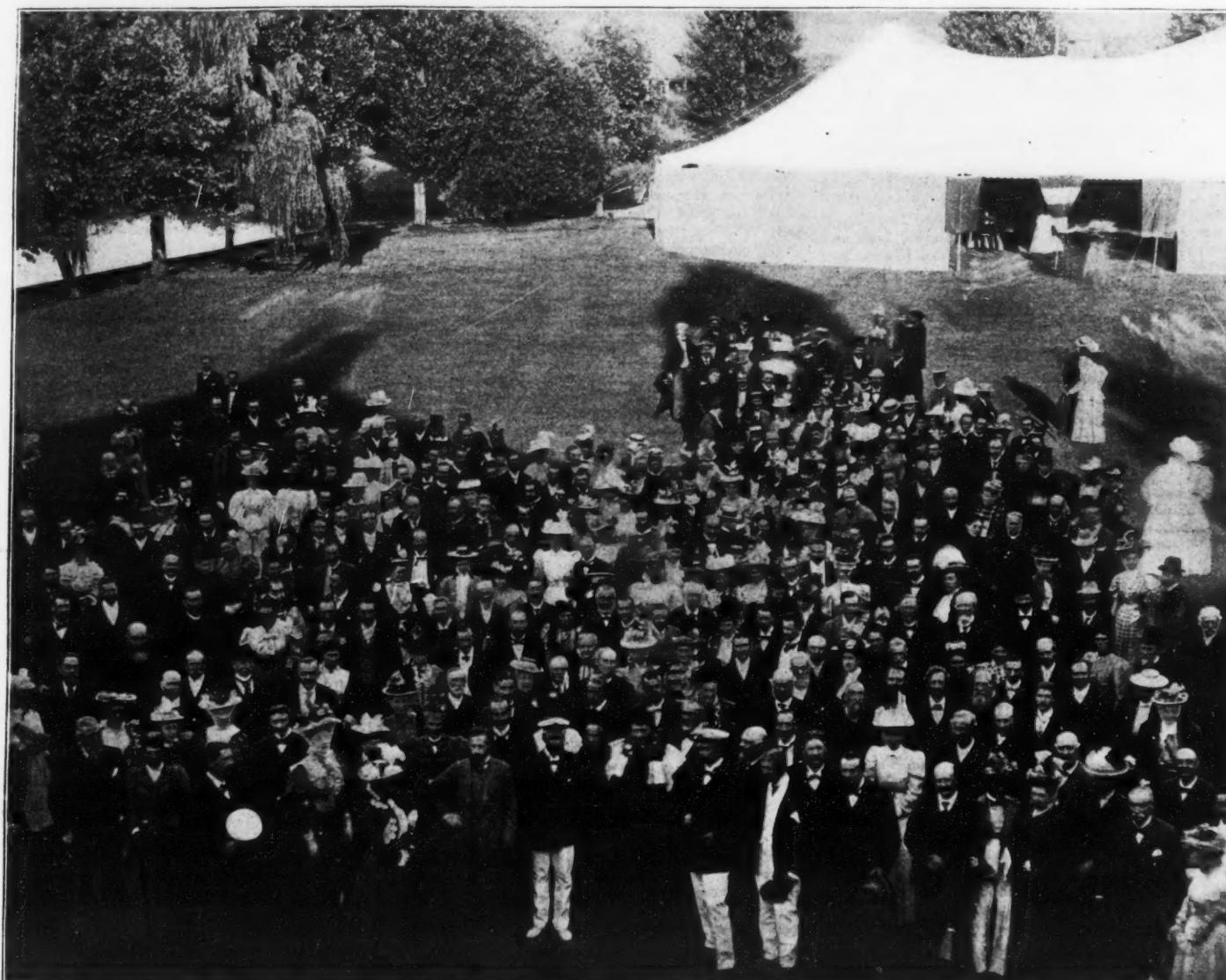
Will some authority on words kindly set himself the task of finding the best title for citizens of the United States. We should not refer to them as "Americans," for we also are Americans. To speak of them as "Yankees" will not do because they resent it, and the term that we desire to find must be one that will be acceptable in England, and it is in Europe that harm is done by references being made to "Americans and Canadians." Various suggestions have been made such as "United Statians," "United Staters," and "United Statesers." We should certainly decide upon one of these forms and adhere to it, through thick and thin until, awkward as it is, it finally comes smoothly from tongue and pen. "United Statesers" is probably the best suggestion yet made, and although it has a crude sound, no doubt we could get used to it in time.

The St. John *Globe* accuses the Toronto *Globe* of jingoism, and the Toronto *World* accuses it of an apologetic and beggarly spirit towards the United States. The fact seems to be that the *Globe*, during the past fortnight, has decided upon a policy which the bulk of Canadians are prepared to endorse in it and in the Government which it supports. In brief, that policy is that Canada, like an individual, if anxious to be respected, must be manly. The success of our business and the comforts of our life depend upon the claims we have on the respect of others and on our own.

The speech by Mr. Bryce, M.P., at the banquet on Wednesday evening was eloquent and sound in principle. But Mr. Bryce probably packed up his views to bring with him while his valet packed his trunks. It was the typical speech of an English public man, and we look in vain for a response to it by any United States senator whose influence corresponds with that of Mr. Bryce. The English member of parliament came here, unpacked his views and displayed them. They were excellent in quality. They were not produced here, however, with a full knowledge of the local situation, for, deplorable as Jingoism is, the timid infusion of it which has at last begun to impart a flavor to Canadian politics, deserves to be approved. Canada has always been afraid to call her soul her own. Her commissioners, sent to Washington, have been treated like hungry beggars, snooping around looking for the kitchen refuse of the Republic. Canada has received intolerable treatment, and now she is disposed to be more assertive.

Canada and the United States are like two men living on an island, who grow products to sell to customers from the mainland. Because one keeps shouting and bragging all the time, the other does not need to do so, but if one tries to chase the other into the bush and then keeps shouting, "I am the only man on the island; if you want to buy anything grown here you must get it from me—I am the only man on the island—the only man on the island, etc., etc.," then it becomes necessary for the other man to emerge from the bush, and if he shouts a few times no one can blame him. We have just come out of the bush and we are not going to be chased back into it any more. There are two men on the island and the mainland is going to know it.

The Berlin *News-Record* states, on the authority of Constable Klipper of that town, that Detective Murray will not act any further in the Galt affair, but that another detective will prepare the case for trial. This should not deter Allison's counsel from protesting against the five hours which he spent in the "sweatbox." The *News-Record* also says that Crown Attorney Bowby did not read at the coroner's inquest the statement secured from Allison, or make use of it in any other way. Why was it not read? Why was it not turned to some use, unless it was a statement improperly secured? The fact is that the proceeding was irregular and indefensible, and I have no doubt the Crown Attorney was aware of that, although he allowed Detective Murray to have his own way. Indeed, the idea of a mere Crown Attorney venturing to express opinions in the presence of the man who ran McCrea to earth manifestly absurd. Coroners, Crown Attorneys



The British Association for the Advancement of Science at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Showing His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen, Commodore Jarvis, Vice-Commodore Plummer, in the central foreground, and many distinguished scientists and citizens. From a photograph by Mr. Lyonde.

for spirits or liniments or beef-iron-and-wine as unconcernedly as they have entered drug stores on the same errands, perhaps the prejudice against saloons will largely disappear. If it turns out that in voting for prohibition we would wipe out hair restoratives, plum pudding, photographs and wedding cake, it will be seen at a glance that complications would arise. Bald-headed teetotalers might hesitate. The "improved" license law, however, appears to require that those who use alcohol for household and business purposes must line up at the same bar as those who dally over the flowing bowl.

Ald. Lamb no doubt grieves very much over the drowning of four children, who with others risked their lives on the float or raft which he had placed on the water at McNamee's Cut. It was a wretched and most unlooked for thing that occurred, but after all is said and done the feelings of Ald. Lamb are not entitled to as much consideration as those of the parents of the little children who were lost. There are dangers enough along the waterfront and inlets in plenty found without the building of sham securities and false safe-guards, and the man who enforces a one-horse policy, who goes apart and to add to his own local credit builds a ferry for his constituents, must take the blame when it proves a tragic failure as he would have accepted the credit had it proved a success. None of us could have foreseen what happened; we might have looked at the float and admired it, but the point is that we know what has happened—we know that the man whose business it was to put a safe float there if it was his business to put one there at all, put an unsafe thing there, which drowned four children the first chance it got. Mr. Lamb has too many cheap, penny-wise ideas that would better suit a pioneer settlement than a large city, and in putting one

It has been stated that Chauncey Depew might have cut an important figure in the politics of the United States only that clubland refused to part with its best story-teller. "Sunset" Cox used to say that none of the younger men at Washington enjoyed prospects equal to his, until one day he made a funny speech and followed it up with others, so that he established his fame as a parliamentary wit, thereafter making no advancement towards political importance. He complained that whenever he arose to speak everyone made ready to laugh, and his most serious utterances were accepted as veiled humourisms. Perhaps if the truth were known Dr. Landerkin, M.P., for South Grey, feels very much as Mr. Cox did. The doctor has been the Reform wit for six or eight years, having inherited the costume and joke-box of Mr. Joseph Rymal. But alas! a government does not need a wit, and Dr. Landerkin has seen duller men preferred for important positions whilst he, no longer free to jibe at the Ministry, sees his fame gradually melting away.

And Dr. Landerkin is not alone. The three wits of the Canadian Press Association are Mr. A. F. Pirie of the Dundas *Banner*, Mr. Hal B. Donly of the Simcoe *Reformer*, and Mr. Dan McGillicuddy of the Goderich *Signal*. For years the Canadian Press Association has depended largely upon these three men to spice with wit the often dull discussions that take place at the annual meetings, and the three editors have been equal to the demands made upon them. When his political party achieved power Dr. Landerkin was, as I have said, passed over. Not to jump too hastily to a conclusion, it becomes necessary to enquire the present whereabouts of the witty editors before deciding that here, as at Washington, wit handicaps a man in politics. Those three editors are Reformers. They went on half

take a slight, whereas the quick-witted man is more prompt to anger? This at least seems true that the new Government is dealing scurvy with its wits. They are being allowed to disband, and soon the party will be as dismal as the leg-weary and brain-worn ministry that died last year. It seems clear that in politics there is a dead-set made against funny men. They are not taken seriously. They are denied with a jest, repelled with a snicker, put off with a proverb.

However, as Macauley's political disappointments are said to have given us some splendid volumes of history, so Mr. McGillicuddy's defection from the Reform ranks has yielded in some of the best epigrams extant. To complete the out-put he only needs to take this idea and work it into form: "Let me edit the *Signal* and I care not who distributes it at the post-office."

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dangers of the Klondike that seems to be a very good one has just been published by *The Province*, Victoria, B. C. This map reminds me of something that we are, I think, forgetting over here in Eastern Canada however closely it may crowd upon the attention of people in the west, and that is the dispute as to the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska. This dispute was a very hot one about a year ago, but it has calmed down while a joint survey is being made and a joint report prepared. The discovery of gold in the Yukon has made the boundary question one of great importance—just how important this has made the question can only be realized by consulting a map. If you have a map before you you will see that the boundary line of Alaska runs straight from the Arctic sea almost to the

Pacific, but not quite, for it turns at Mt. St. Elias and pursues a straggling course southward. It is this ragged edge along the Pacific that is in dispute. The Canadian surveyors and British Columbia report on the subject tell us that the United States Government has not a leg to stand on in its claim, and that British Columbia will be awarded every foot of land it asks for. According to Canada's contention Dyea, Skagway, Chilkat, Chilkat Inlet, Glacier Bay and the Stikine River (with the exception of a few miles at its mouth) are all in Canadian territory.

This gives the boundary line question an importance it did not possess. The newspapers of the United States are very fond of saying that Canada cannot get to the Yukon except through United States territory. We not only can get there via the Mackenzie River, but the best overland route (via Dyea) is through Canadian territory. We are assured that our claim to Chilkoot Inlet is better than the claim put forward by the United States. We must not abandon our claim nor allow the New York papers to lead the Canadian press into an error as regards that boundary line. The Canadian Government might well go to the expense and trouble of supplying the newspapers with maps and information about this boundary dispute, for the other claimant seems determined to carve his name over the doubtful territory.

A detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic, on their way to Detroit, called at Toronto on Thursday and marched up Yonge street carrying the flag of the United States. This need not have made any trouble, only the thing was done in an evident spirit of bravado and to invite protest. When remonstrated with and a British flag produced to be also displayed, none of the G. A. R. men would carry it, and a boy was pressed into service. Those Grand Army men should have remembered that one hundred thousand Canadians fought in that Civil War and, after the first year's campaign, there was scarcely a battlefield that did not claim some Canadians. However, it required only one Canadian cop to suppress the invaders. MACK.

#### The Naval Orange.

CALIFORNIA, August 9, 1897.

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT.—After reading an article in your paper of some few weeks back, re a fruit ranch in Los Angeles County, Cal., in which some wonder was expressed as to where the first navel orange came from, I take the liberty of writing and telling you all that can be found out about it, as far as the United States is concerned.

The first trees came originally from Peru, in South America, where they are supposed to grow wild. Then two trees were sent to the United States Government to be set out in California. One was sent to Riverside, the other to Los Angeles. Riverside, I believe, claimed it as their own production, but Los Angeles objected, so they compromised the matter by calling the orange "Wa-hington Naval." The trees grown in Southern California are raised in Riverside. This is supposed to be all that is known in the United States about this variety of fruit!

I send you this thinking you would like the information for your splendid paper.

Yours sincerely,  
ROSS BREMNER.

#### Society at the Capital.

A report has reached Ottawa that Baroness Macdonald of Ernescliff, widow of the late Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, will shortly be married to a Dean of the Church of England. The Baroness is living near London and at present Lady Tilley, widow of the late Sir Leonard Tilley, is with her.

Mrs. F. C. O'Hara, who has been away for some weeks visiting friends and relatives, returned home this week.

Sir Richard Cartwright, who has been taking a brief holiday with his family in Kingston, has returned home.

Lady Marjorie Gordon is an exhibitor of poultry at the Montreal fair, showing a number of Golden Sebright bantams.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are expected in Ottawa next week, and will take up their residence at their new house on Theodore street.

General and Mrs. Gascoigne will sail for Canada on September 7.

Mr. Collingwood Schreiber has gone on a tour of inspection of the Sôlange contracts.

Mr. Justice Taschereau and Madame Taschereau have been in Montreal this week.

Sir James Grant who has been in Toronto has returned home.

Mrs. David Erskine arrived in Ottawa last week with their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, but owing to illness was unable to accompany them to Toronto.

The Victoria Hotel at Aylmer is getting to be a very popular resort. Last week two informal dances came off there and a great number of small dinner-parties. Among the permanent guests residing there are: Mrs. Charles Moore and her children, Mrs. and Miss Burritt, Mr. E. Burritt, Miss Buell, Miss Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, Miss Mabel Richardson and Miss Grace Ritchie.

Mr. Charles Devlin and Miss Devlin of Aylmer sailed for Ireland last week. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Devlin at Dublin and afterwards go to England and the Continent.

Marquis Ito passed through Ottawa on his way home. He did not leave the private car in which he traveled but received some of the Cabinet Minister and other friends who went down to the station to wish him *bon voyage*.

Mr. Agar Adamson is on a visit to Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne at their country house at Fernbank.

Captain Reginald Courtney, who was on the Premier's staff in England, has returned to Canada and is spending the balance of his leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, at their cottage at Murray Bay.

Hon. A. S. Blair was in town last week on his way to New York from whence he sailed for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macdonald and Mr. and Mrs. Codville are spending the summer at St. Patrick's, Rivière des Loups.

Mrs. Blackstock is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, Lyon street.

Hon. William Patterson, Minister of Customs, Mrs. Patterson and their daughter have been

staying at the Inch Arran, Dalhousie, and are now on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greaves have returned to Canada after a few weeks spent at Youghall, New Brunswick.

Sir Donald Smith sailed for Canada last Saturday, and will be in Montreal in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackey have gone off for a few weeks holiday.

Dr. and Mrs. Bourinot, who have been at the seaside, are expected shortly at their country place at Kingsmere.

Ottawa, August 25, 1897.

#### Social and Personal.

Lady Kirkpatrick will open the Industrial Exhibition on Tuesday next, instead of Lord Lister, who had forgotten previous engagements to deliver the opening address to the British Medical Association in Montreal, of which he is president.

Captain Arthur T. Kirkpatrick and Miss Memie Homer-Dixon, whose engagement was announced last autumn, are to be married at St. James' Cathedral on September 8, and I hear the wedding breakfast and reception will be held at the Grange. Mr. Homer-Dixon, father of the bride, is far from well this summer, and the health of Sir George Kirkpatrick being so precarious the wedding will probably be a very quiet one. Capt. Kirkpatrick has, I am told, leased a residence in St. Patrick street. To the very deservedly popular bride and groom everyone of their large circle of friends send best wishes.

Among many social events, a very *embarras de richesse* in the way of gaieties, the garden party on the Yacht Club Island lawn was aided to success by perfect weather and a very smart attendance. Boat after boat puffed up to the wharf loaded with gaily-gowned women, sober dames of mature years, bright girls, and all sorts and conditions of men. The members of the British Association were there in great force, admiring the velvet turf, the brilliant Canadian sky, flecked with a few fleecy clouds, the silvery stretch of the bay, and the sedgy reaches near the shores, which traveled men said reminded them of certain spots in the Hollandish country. One and all, our visitors said lovely things of the environs of the garden party given in their honor. The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, with Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lord and Lady Lister, Sir James Grant, Commodore Jarvis and several others came over as the guests of the gallant skipper of the Cleopatra, on the deck of which Lady Aberdeen sat holding a small jubilee of her own and attended by the handsome *aid-de-camp* newly appointed, Captain Harry Wyatt. Her Excellency was rather smartly gowned, her dark dress being very becoming and her face twinkling in smiles. Lady Kelvin, who is enthusiastically pronounced a dear by many women, has the loveliest silvery white hair and a fine face beaming with intelligence and sympathy. A couple of young nieces of Lord Lister were with the yacht party, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock were hosts and hostesses. Mr. Plummer, the president of the Club, and Miss Mollie Plummer, with Mrs. Jarvis, received the Vice-Regal party and the officers of the association, and did the honors of the Club house, where a *buffet* was laid in one of the dining-rooms for their regaling. The Grenadiers' band played on the bowling green, where a motley crowd of students, savants, giddy girls and jolly club-men peregrinated. A huge marquee on the east side of the lawn was erected for refreshments, and there a dense crowd was gathered for the entire afternoon, eating ices, sampling "cups," and having a jolly time generally. It was warmer in the sunshine, however, and I don't know what our visitors thought of our August weather, which had displayed freaks entirely complimentary to Kipling's godfatherhood. During the afternoon the enterprising Lynde was there with his camera and took a lot of photos, and lots of fun was had by some of the light-hearted folks who wanted to be well posed for them. A few people remained for dinner, but most of the party returned to the city betimes to snatch a rest before the reception given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the Parliament buildings.

Mrs. Sweny's tea on Friday was not for the proportions of the reception on the East side, but as is everything at Rohallion, it was daintily done and most exclusive and elegant. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny received in the drawing-room, which was beautiful with flowers, and through which floated the strains of an orchestra. Mrs. Sweny wore a light figured Dresden silk, and looked as she always does, a refined and charming little lady, than whom there is not in the city a more thoughtful and delightful hostess. The guests scattered through the drawing-room, conservatory and precincts of Rohallion were all congenial persons, and everyone said the afternoon was one of the pleasantest spent by the visitors during their stay in Toronto. Refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn.

The weather has certainly a great deal to answer for in the sum of our enjoyment this week. It was simply charming, cool, bright and dry, for the various garden parties and other functions. On Tuesday, in spite of Jerome, who, on Monday, announced that a change was certain, the sun shone over Glenelg and Trinity like gold. It was most unfortunate that the arrangements for these two functions clashed so badly, the postponement of the latter until late in the afternoon prevented many from putting in an appearance at Mrs. Nordheimer's as they would so much have liked to do. That charming hostess, who wore a dream of a gown and was ably assisted by her two daughters and several ladies, never looked better; time seems to stand still in her presence. The scientists were delighted with the beauty of Glenelg and everyone enjoyed the tea to the utmost. Among those present were: His Excellency the Governor-General, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir John and Lady Evans, Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lord Lister, Sir Oliver Mowat, Miss Mowat, the Premier and Mrs. Hardy, the Speaker and Mrs. Edgar, Gen. Wheeler, Col. and Mrs. Baily, Prince Krupotkin, Mrs. Allan, Sir George Tait Robertson, Mr. Erskine (private secretary to His Excellency), Mrs. Maver, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Sir Chas. Freemantle, Col. Grasset, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. John Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Roberts-Austen, Miss Wilkin, Mr. and Mrs. Gowski, Hon. G. W. Ross, Sir W. Turner, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Widder, Prof. and Mrs. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harman, Mr. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Heath, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Cecil Merritt, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Homer Dixon, Mr. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. C. McGinnis, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. J. Small, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Temple, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Stenier, Mr. and Mrs. Emilie Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Hodges and Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman.

A beautiful banquet was that given to the members of the British Association on Wednesday evening at the Pavilion, at which covers were laid for four hundred and fifty guests. The Vice-Regal table with His Excellency in the chair formed a crescent on the stage, and ten tables arranged in a novel and artistic

shape, the four largest forming a St. Andrew's cross at the center of which was a trophy of pink flowers several feet in height, and about which were various tables of different sizes and shapes all done in pink and forming a beautiful geometric design. McConkey had the affair in hand and beautifully did he carry it through. One hundred and eighty waiters and helpers were in attendance, and nine courses were served in perfection. Ladies and their escorts attended in the galleries to hear the speeches, which, needless to say, were interesting in the extreme. The guests were impressed with the country, the people, and the particularly kind attentions they have been smothered under in Toronto. Never in the history of our city has there been such unbounded hospitality nor such worthy recipients thereof. If the British Association is pleased with Toronto, Toronto is extremely *epris* of the British Association. If they'd only come oftener!

I heard a visitor remark that our bands could play and look a great deal better, particularly the Kilties, if they stood up while they played. This visitor tells me they didn't even stand to play God Save the Queen while the Governor-General drove up, but I failed to notice it.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a dinner in honor of her guests on Thursday of last week, of which I heard an experienced hostess make this remark: "It was quite the prettiest dinner table I have sat down at in Toronto."

The Grange looked its best on Monday afternoon when its gates were thrown open to the invited guests who shared with the most prominent members of the British Association, the kind hospitality of the Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. About half past five their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lady Marjorie Gordon and the *aides* with Miss Thompson, eldest daughter of Lady Thompson, and others drove up to the open portals. No other carriages were admitted inside the gates for obvious reasons, as the beautiful drive-way is often a pet promenade for the smart people at the Grange garden parties. All of the most notable members of the Association were present, and an interesting feature of the afternoon was the drinking of the Queen's health by Their Excellencies from those queer quaint wine-glasses which have no bases, and must be drained at a draught. These "Lord Simcoe wine-glasses" are a relic of the days of the forties, and are finished with a cut glass ball at the stem instead of in the ordinary manner, recalling the wonderful toppers of old, who sat glass in one hand and bottle in the other, till both bottle and glass were drained. Out on the lawn, near the roses, were spread generous buffets loaded with dainty fare, while before the library windows, down on the beautiful lawn, sat the Highlander's band playing capitally under Mr. Slatter's baton, and glorified by the martial presence of the only McSeveyd, who marched with great dignity (*a la sentry*), and now and then gave the company a skirt from his pipes. It was a fair sight for our English visitors to carry back, and I remarked how many of them shilly asked the way to the professor's sanctum and stood looking at his cosy corner in the library and saying with satisfaction, "We are glad to have seen the place where he thinks and writes." The respectfully expressed interest spoke volumes as to the regard his pen work is held in by people far and near. Lord and Lady Aberdeen took seats on the terrace for refreshments, and were soon the center of a notable group, among which I noticed: Gen. Greeley, Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lady Kirkpatrick, looking a picture in that white gown which everyone so much admires; Hon. Freemantle, Col. MacMahon, the Premier's guest; Premier and Mrs. Hardy and Sir Frank Smith. Others strolling about in great contentment with the delightful hour were: Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason and Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, Mrs. Alfred Smith, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mr. Martland, Mr. Haultain, Major Leigh, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Llaneddis and their pretty daughters, just returned from a jaunt to Niagara over Sunday, with which they were in raptures; Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mrs. George Dawson, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gowski, Mrs. John Cawthra, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Col. and Mrs. Mason and their guest, Prof. Unwin; Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Gilbert Griffin, who has just returned from a six weeks' visit in London; Mr. Oliver Howland, in fact most of the hosts and hostesses and their guests who are best known, and a limited number of other friends. At no time was there a crowd present, for many could only remain a short time on account of three or four other teas in progress.

The weather has certainly a great deal to answer for in the sum of our enjoyment this week. It was simply charming, cool, bright and dry, for the various garden parties and other functions. On Tuesday, in spite of Jerome, who, on Monday, announced that a change was certain, the sun shone over Glenelg and Trinity like gold. It was most unfortunate that the arrangements for these two functions clashed so badly, the postponement of the latter until late in the afternoon prevented many from putting in an appearance at Mrs. Nordheimer's as they would so much have liked to do. That charming hostess, who wore a dream of a gown and was ably assisted by her two daughters and several ladies, never looked better; time seems to stand still in her presence. The scientists were delighted with the beauty of Glenelg and everyone enjoyed the tea to the utmost. Among those present were: His Excellency the Governor-General, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir John and Lady Evans, Lord and Lady Kelvin, Lord Lister, Sir Oliver Mowat, Miss Mowat, the Premier and Mrs. Hardy, the Speaker and Mrs. Edgar, Gen. Wheeler, Col. and Mrs. Baily, Prince Krupotkin, Mrs. Allan, Sir George Tait Robertson, Mr. Erskine (private secretary to His Excellency), Mrs. Maver, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Sir Chas. Freemantle, Col. Grasset, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. John Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Roberts-Austen, Miss Wilkin, Mr. and Mrs. Gowski, Hon. G. W. Ross, Sir W. Turner, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Widder, Prof. and Mrs. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harman, Mr. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Heath, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Cecil Merritt, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Homer Dixon, Mr. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. C. McGinnis, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. J. Small, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Temple, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Stenier, Mr. and Mrs. Emilie Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Hodges and Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Kapelle gave a very jolly little dinner at the Yacht Club for Mrs. Alfred T. Smith and a small party of congenial friends. Alderman and Mrs. Rutter had also a pleasant group for dinner and the dance to follow.

Dr. Harry J. Watson of Iowa is visiting his mother, Mrs. George Kennedy, Bloor street west, for a few days, and then proceeds to Montreal to attend the meeting of the British Medical Association, of which he is a member.

Mrs. Fred Gillespie, (nee Gilmour) is to be married the end of September in England to an Irish gentleman. Mrs. and Miss Vernie Gilmour are to sail for home in September. They have been spending the summer at St. Leonards on the sea.

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**Social and Personal.**

A most elegant reception was given at Yeadon Hall on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra to the officers and members of the British Association. The guests were late in arriving, owing to the very interesting lecture on that evening and several dinner engagements. Mrs. Cawthra, in a quiet black gown with touches of rare lace and a few rich jewels, with her pretty daughter in white (Mr. Cawthra, as usual, being a perfect host), received at the entrance of the drawing-room, and about ten o'clock was kept very busy welcoming many visitors whose faces have become familiar to us during the past few days. Among the Toronto people invited were: Mr. Bridgman Simpson and his guest, Prof. W. G. Adams; Major and Mrs. Cosby and their guest, Mr. H. E. Armstrong; Miss Wilkin and her guests, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Roberts-Austen; Mr. Frederick Wyld and his guests, Prof. and Miss Ayrton; Dr. Peters and his guest, Dr. Barnes; Mr. C. Robinson and his guest, Rev. G. C. Bell; Dr. Graham and his guest, Dr. Billings; Col. and Mrs. Sweny and their guest, Prof. W. T. Blandford; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boultbee and their guest, Mr. E. W. Brabrook; Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones and their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Bottomley; Mr. Jennings and his guests, Prof. and Mrs. Bovey; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McLean and their guest, Prof. Bower; Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and their guests, Right Hon. James and Mrs. Bryce; Mr. W. B. Hamilton and his guest, Prof. W. H. Dall; Mr. E. H. Keating and his guests, Prof. and Miss Deacon; Prof. G. M. Dawson, C.M.G.; Rev. Arthur Baldwin and his guest, Prof. Harold Dixon; Prof. Ramsay Wright and his guest, Prof. Anton Dorin; Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Dunstan; Mr. and Mrs. Boswell and Prof. Ewing; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Oster and their guests, Sir John and Lady Evans, Prof. and Mrs. G. Carey Foster, Miss Foster, Prof. C. Lettere Foster, Mrs. Foster, the Misses Foster, Prof. Michael Foster and Mrs. Foster; President London and his guest, Prof. Forsyth; Colonel and Mrs. Sweny and their guests, Hon. Sir C. W. Freemantle, President and Mrs. Gilman, Prof. Gibson, General Greeley, Mrs. and Miss Merritt and their guest, Prof. Greenhill; Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart and Prof. Hartland; Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Cameron and their guests, Prof. Vernon Harcourt and Prof. Keltie; Dr. Kennedy and his guest, Prof. Herdman; Mr. Willie Gwyne and his guest, Prof. Hudson; Mr. H. J. Mitchell and his guest, Prof. John Hopkinson; Prof. Mavor and his guest, Prince Peter Krapotkin; Mrs. John Cawthra and her guests, Prof. Lodge and Prof. Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer and their guests, Prof. Magnus and Prof. Runge; Mr. and Mrs. Selous; Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Prof. Scott, Mr. Spark; Mr. Barwick and his guest, Prof. Thompson; Mr. Warren and his guests, Prof. H. D. Thompson and Prof. Warren; Dr. and Mrs. Grasset and their guest, Sir William Turner; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Mason and their guest, Prof. Unwin; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Creelman and their guest, Prof. Marshall Ward; Mrs. Merritt and her guest, Major-General Webber; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and the Misses Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty; Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton, Justice Falconbridge, Mr. Gooderham of Waveney, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Rev. and Mrs. Wallace, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Buchan, Sir Oliver Mowat, Captain and Mrs. Forrester, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, the Misses Rowand, the Vice-regal party, Prof. Vandersmissen, Messrs. Scott Griffin, Stewart Houston, Robinson and Alexander. A large orchestra played on the east veranda, and the grounds were beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns. A very elegant supper was served in the dining-room, and the reception at Yeadon Hall easily takes first place as an evening function of this season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Brodie Glass and pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, Muriel Beryl, have returned from flying visits to Montreal, Quebec, Lake St. John (in the mountains), and the popular seaside resort, Metis, at which beautiful spot they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Marsh in their pretty summer home. Baskets of nice shells, star-fish, sea-urchins, razor-fish, sponges and sea-weed testify to their activity at low tide.

A very pleasant and successful entertainment was held at Milford Bay House on Tuesday evening, August 17, the object being to defray the expenses of improvements at the Methodist parsonage, Port Carling. The programme consisted of both vocal and instrumental music, readings and recitations of the highest order, the performers representing different countries and states. At the close of a lengthy programme, the highly esteemed chairman, Rev. Dr. Cowan of Pittsburg, asked to still further unite the two sister countries by singing a verse of God Save the Queen, followed by a verse of My Country 'Tis of Me, which was received with great applause and sung most heartily by all present. After the entertainment refreshments were served, and the company parted with mutual good feeling. The proceeds, \$28, were handed to the financial committee by Rev. Laidlaw.

Mr. Glanton G. Duncan, barrister, of Woodstock, returned this week from Old Orchard Beach, where he has been spending a two month's holiday.

President and Mrs. Loudon on Thursday evening, August 19, entertained at dinner: Rt. Hon. Lord Kelvin and Lady Kelvin, Rt. Hon. Lord Lister, Rt. Hon. Mr. Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, Sir John and Lady Evans, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, General Greeley, President Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Prof. and Mrs. Poulton, Prof. Forsyth, Prof. Baldwin, and Mr. J. Lorne McDougall.

Chancellor and Mrs. Boyd with their family and a party of congenial souls are on an island in Georgian Bay. "Good Cheer" is the name of the Boyd summer island and for many seasons it has been the place where this sturdy family gathers enjoyment.

Is it the Jubilee or the Conventions or what is it that has affected poor old sleepy August? I have heard of several engagements and even

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a marriage which has made some people go home and put ice on their heads. And now I hear of the "promise made" of one of our prettiest girls, whose mother was a noted beauty belonging to one of the old families. It is not announced yet. August can't have everything.

On Wednesday of last week a yachting party was given by Mr. A. E. Knopf of Linden, N.J., from his summer residence on Milton Island in the St. Lawrence, near Kingston, on his handsome steam launch, Miltonia. The Miltonia, which is one of the fastest launches on the river, left the island at nine o'clock in the morning and went to the canoe camp on Grindstone Island, where the party remained for some hours and then took a run to Alexandria Bay, through the prettiest groups of the Thousand Islands. Lunch was taken on board. Those in the party were: Rev. Oscar and Mrs. Gesner of Linden, N.J.; Mr. Knopf, the Misses Knopf, the Masters Knopf of Linden, N.J.,

Mrs. R. Cartwright of Toronto, Miss Cartwright, Miss Fannie Cartwright, Miss Mary Cartwright, Mr. Conway Cartwright of Kingston; Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara of Ottawa, Mrs. W. B. Leslie, Miss Julia Merrick and Miss Amy Fay of New York.

Mr. Eugene Gagnon, formerly of the Merchant's Bank here, has been spending his vacation in town.

At the reception Thursday night at the Parliament Buildings a visitor was seen going in with a fur cap on; he hadn't it pulled down over his ears, and he didn't say so, but one may be sure he is an intimate friend of Rudyard Kipling's. We can easily imagine him telling in the Old Country how "in August, their hot month, I had to wear a fur cap—so cold, you know."

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, a former Torontonian and well known, was here for a few days this week from Akron, Ohio, where he now resides. I presume he came with congratulations. The engagement of his son, Mr. Graeme G. Adam of the Ontario Bank, with Miss Ralph of Rosedale was announced a few days ago.

So the Ramblers won the Dunlop silver shield last Saturday, after a well-tried and well-won race. That jolly club is all alive.

Dr. and Mrs. Garratt left on Monday by the mail boat for a two weeks' trip, intending to return via Montreal to the meeting of the British Medical Association there on September 1.

Mr. James Prysse, of New York, gave two very interesting lectures in the Forum Hall last Sunday and Monday. As a traveler and antiquarian his investigations in South America were interesting to many of the scientists who attended, and to all students of comparative religion. His lecture on the relationship of theosophy to Christianity was a comprehensive account of the points in which the religion of the Indians of America agree with the theosophic idea of the teachings of Christ. Mr. Prysse who, like Mrs. Besant, was a pupil of Madam H. P. Blavatsky, proved himself an eloquent speaker, holding his audience for nearly two hours on each occasion.

A very delightful dance was given by the guests of the Paignton House, Muskoka, on Wednesday of last week. The house was tastefully decorated with the Canadian and American flags, Chinese lanterns, etc., and one of the features of the evening was a skirt dance by "Signoreta Stovetella." Those present were the guests of the Paignton House: Mrs. H. W. and Miss Davies, Mrs. Alf. Smith, Mr. and C. Marriott, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, Mrs. and Miss Gamble, Miss Black, Miss Johnston, the Misses Bayley and Mr. Chichester all of Toronto; Mrs. Shirles of New York, Mr. C. E. Bruce of Rochester, Mr. Raymond Everest of Rochester. Guests from Cleveland, Woodington, etc., were present.

Why He Married.

The reasons why some men marry are often better than they are complimentary. An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the coursing-field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing pauper-woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

"Why has a gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him.

"Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man stoutly. "I agree w' ye 'a' Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hisse, so I hit on the idea o' marrin' Betsy. She's not hand-some, but she's mighty good company for the dog!"

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## A Match at Billiards.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.

Black and White.

**I**T was a moist, unpleasant day. The rain had begun immediately after breakfast, and now at eleven o'clock it looked like raining till the Crack of Doom. I had wandered up and down seeking congenial company and finding none, had finally cast anchor in the billiard room, where I practised the spot stroke.

I had made a break of nine and was beginning to feel more cheerful, when suddenly the door opened and Miss Anstruther appeared.

"O," she said, as she shut the door and stood with her hands behind her upon the handle, "I thought it was Mr. McDonald."

"It is a better—and a poorer—man," I said, resting my cue on the floor. "Do you want to meet Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes—no! it doesn't matter," said Miss Anstruther.

"Perhaps you can say it to me as well?" I suggested. Miss Anstruther thought a moment or two and then shook her head.

"No; I couldn't say it to you."

It may have been my fancy; but I thought that Miss Anstruther blushed.

"Oh, yes," I said cheerfully, "if it doesn't matter, you can come and play billiards with me. I'm lonely."

"But I play very badly," said Miss Anstruther, doubtfully. "I don't think I ever played seriously."

"Well, this won't be serious," I said, selecting a light cue and chalking the tip. "Now, all you have got to do is to make your ball hit the red and go into a pocket, or put the red into a pocket—or both."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Anstruther, "what a lot to think about. There! What does that count?"

"One to me," I said, and missed an easy hazard.

"Why were you so funny last night?" said Miss Anstruther.

"I am never funny," I said; "serious, humorous, stupid—perhaps—but not funny."

Miss Anstruther aimed wildly. Her ball went twice around the table and hit nothing.

"How provoking!" she said.

Then she lifted her chin and rested it on the tip of her cue.

"You know what I mean," she said. "Why did you leave me alone all the evening with Mr. McDonald?"

"Well," I said, "I was talking—let me see—to Miss Bates."

"You found her amusing?"

"Not amusing. Better. Pretty."

"O, you couldn't call her pretty. Nice, but—"

"Decidedly pretty—in her way. Now—you are plain, arn't you?" I said, seeing a likely cannon.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Anstruther coldly.

"I mean I'm playing with spot. By jove!" I exclaimed, as I turned away in disgust after missing a cannon, "there he is."

"Who?" asked Miss Anstruther.

"Why not?" I asked, facing around towards her. "I thought you wanted to see him."

"O, there's no hurry—no immediate hurry," said she. "He doesn't leave till this afternoon."

"I thought it might be something important," I said.

"It is important," said Miss Anstruther. "O! you are horrid," she continued, stamping her foot. "You know quite well what—I shouldn't tell you, should I?"

"But you haven't told me," I said consolingly.

"O, but you can guess," said Miss Anstruther, shaking her head. "You must have noticed something. And I've no right to say anything about it."

I paused judicially.

"It seems," I said after an appropriate interval, "quite a suitable arrangement. Mr. McDonald is very wealthy."

"Yes," said Miss Anstruther reflectively, "he has money. But then, so have I."

"That is what makes it so suitable," I said.

"But," said Miss Anstruther, lifting her eyebrows pathetically, "he's—well—"

"That is true," I said. "But we all have our faults. And poverty's the worst of them."

"I don't think so," said Miss Anstruther quickly.

"Mrs. Anstruther thinks so," I replied.

"Yes, of course, you could see mamma wanted—" Miss Anstruther tapped the floor with her foot.

I turned to the window and watched Mr. McDonald walking up and down in the rain. Miss Anstruther sat down upon one of the soft cushioned benches which ran around the billiard room.

"It happened last night," she said suddenly, "when you were—"

"What happened?" I asked.

"O, you know!"

"Your engagement?"

"I am not engaged."

"Not engaged? Then what are we talking about?"

"You are stupid. Don't you understand? That's what I have to decide—to tell Mr. McDonald this morning—before he goes away. O! I oughtn't to tell you all this. But you made me, you know. And I think you might help me."

"I would with pleasure, if I only knew—"

"What should a girl do when her mother wants her to—you know—and the man is—"

"Rich," I suggested.

"Yes, and—like that." Miss Anstruther nodded towards the window.

"It's a difficult question," I said, "a very difficult question. As you have asked me to advise you—well—do you love him?"

"You may put that aside," said Miss Anstruther with a sweep of her hand.

"That simplifies matters," I said. "Then there comes the question of filial duty. You

see, a parent judges in these matters with less—I mean with greater freedom from—personal feelings."

"But," objected Miss Anstruther, "it is a very personal matter, isn't it? Besides, I am sure mamma would never want me to—to marry anyone whom she thought I didn't really—I didn't—or, I mean, if I—"

I shook my head gravely.

"You must really be frank with me, if I am to advise you profitably," I said.

"If I really cared for someone else," said Miss Anstruther, very softly.

"Ah—there's someone else?"

Miss Anstruther nodded.

"Who doesn't care for you?"

"Oh, yes, he does," said Miss Anstruther quickly, raising her eyes for a moment to mine and then dropping them again.

I was just addressing my mind to this fresh complication, when Miss Anstruther jumped up.

"Oh, but we are not playing," she said. "It's my turn, isn't it?"

"It is," I said, with a sigh; for I should have preferred to follow out the subject. "You have an easy losing hazard off the red into the top pocket."

"A hazard?" said Miss Anstruther rather vaguely.

"It is a hazard," I explained, "when you go for the pocket."

"How funny!" said Miss Anstruther, stopping in mid-stroke. "It's like—"

"Yes," I said, "there are many analogies between billiards and the tender passion. But, excuse me, you won't do it that way; and if you hold your cue like that, you'll dig a hole in the cloth."

I went around the table to where Miss Anstruther was standing.

"Keep quite still and I'll show you," I said. I placed her hand in the right position at the butt end of the cue and, holding it there, showed her how to make a proper bridge with the left hand and slide the cue smoothly and horizontally over it.

"Now," I said, still retaining a guiding hand on the cue, "if you aim so, you'll get the pocket—unless the balls kiss."

Naturally I was compelled to stand very close to Miss Anstruther during this object lesson—so close that the curl that nestled around her left ear tickled my lips as my breath stirred it.

Miss Anstruther made her stroke. It was a ridiculous stroke.

"Were you really going for the pocket?" I asked.

"I think," said she, turning and facing me, "the kiss spoilt it."

Miss Anstruther was strangely agitated over her failure. Thinking it better to change the subject from billiards I said:

"Tell me, what are you going to say to Mr. McDonald?"

We were, as I have said, of necessity very close together, and Miss Anstruther dropped her eyes.

"I am going to tell him," she said, "that I don't care for him—not in that way—and—"

"And that's what you meant when you said just now that—that you couldn't say it to me?"

Miss Anstruther's attention was fixed upon the toe of her right shoe, which she was tapping with the butt end of her cue. Mine was concentrated on Miss Anstruther's dropped eyelids. Consequently neither of us heard the door open.

"Hello! Playing?" said Mr. McDonald, walking around towards the marking-board.

"What's the game?"

"The game," I said, looking up, "is—let me see—two and love; isn't it, Miss Anstruther?"

Miss Anstruther looked quickly at Mr. McDonald, and then at me.

"Yes," she said.

"H'm, last forever," said Mr. McDonald, going out and slamming the door.

"I hope so," I said as I turned again to Miss Anstruther.

### The Wrong Chinee.

A Story that is Founded For.

**W**AH CHOO was, as his name indicates, a China man. He was quiet and unobtrusive and attended strictly to his little laundry business. From early in the morning until late at night Wah Choo could be seen in his little shop on the east side of York street, just north of Adelaide, busily spluttering starch, or rubbing grease spots from different articles. This was eleven years ago. Eleven years ago William Mills, now a saloon-keeper in Chicago, was a policeman on the Toronto police force and was champion athlete. A friend of Mills called at Wah's little shop for his laundry, and Wah promptly refused to hand over the clean linen. Mills heard of the affair, and while off duty one day strolled into the laundry and pulled down the bundles of washing in search of his friend's shirts and collars.

"You are stupid. Don't you understand? That's what I have to decide—to tell Mr. McDonald this morning—before he goes away. O! I oughtn't to tell you all this. But you made me, you know. And I think you might help me."

"I would with pleasure, if I only knew—"

"What should a girl do when her mother wants her to—you know—and the man is—"

"Rich," I suggested.

"Yes, and—like that." Miss Anstruther nodded towards the window.

"It's a difficult question," I said, "a very difficult question. As you have asked me to advise you—well—do you love him?"

"You may put that aside," said Miss Anstruther with a sweep of her hand.

"That simplifies matters," I said. "Then there comes the question of filial duty. You

Mills was mad. He was back in the shop in a second ready to wipe up the soapsuds with Wah's small body. Wah was agile and dodged Mills' rush. When Mills again came to himself he was half-strangled with the elbow and throat grip.

Then a brother policeman happened in to see the muss.

"Don't interfere," gasped Mills, as the Chinaman released hold and stepped back into the corner behind the counter.

The policeman didn't. Mills a few minutes later wished he had.

The big athlete climbed over the counter. The Chinaman's beady eyes were now glittering with excitement. A short struggle, concealed by the counter, and Mills came over the counter and fell with a crash on the floor, breathless.

He was as mad and as unreasonable as a wild bull.

Time and time again he rushed at the sharp little Chink. In his rage he struck below the belt and tried by every foul blow, learned by long contact with King street toughs, to disable his cool little opponent. Every blow was dodged or parried. The only advantage Wah took of the openings left by Mills' wild attacks was to plant a stiff little blow on Mills' neck below.

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**A Gambler's Christmas Eve.****A TRUE STORY.**

By the Gambler in the Dramatic News.  
I was at what seemed to be about the end of a long and disastrous period of play that I stood, about twelve o'clock at night in Chicago, considering what I should do next. Everything had gone wrong for more than a year. I had never before encountered such a persistent run of ill fortune. There had been plenty of other times when I had been "broke," but I had never previously approached that condition with such steady, sure, and inexorable precision.

In my profession a high roller may win or lose a fortune in an incredibly short space of time. Many of us have known what it was to be at the top and also at the bottom of the financial ladder three or four times within the compass of a twelvemonth. Those of us who have places of business of our own may grow steadily and surely rich. That is to say, the game always has a good margin the best of it over the outside player—a good enough margin to make plenty of money if there be sufficient play.

But there are comparatively few of us who know enough to resist temptation. Rare indeed is the professional gambler who possesses the self-restraint to avoid playing against other games, and remain content with the profits of his own. When you find such a man it is better than ever betting that he is rich—or will be.

At the period of which I write, I had "blown in" as good a game as anyone would care to own, and with it had gone the accumulated earnings of several years. I was heavily in debt, besides, and as I stood out under the electric light looking up and down the street, I was in a very bad way. It had been respectfully hinted to me at my hotel—where I owed nineteen hundred dollars—that I might as well seek other quarters without the annoyance of being encumbered with my baggage, and there I was, on Christmas eve, with a little hand-satchel, the clothes in which I stood, and a two-dollar bill—that was all.

I wasn't hungry, you understand, or likely to be. Nor was it among the immediate probabilities that I should suffer any serious personal inconvenience. But, so sure, and steadily, and impressively had my ill luck followed me that I was thoroughly disgusted and discouraged. It is not easy for a man who has been worth a round quarter of a million to find himself, at the end of a year, with his wardrobe tied up and his cash reduced to a pitiful pair of dollars.

I walked along the street, watching the throngs of people who, in holiday humor, were surging into and out of the shops, happy enough, apparently, and I gradually acquired a kind of unreasoning anger at them. They had no business to enjoy themselves with such ostentation when I was in such different trim from them. Presently, being accustomed to analyze my feelings—as every man must who learns to do nothing by impulse—I pulled myself together and concluded to go to a hotel and do some pretty careful thinking.

Strolling into the corridor of the best place of public entertainment in town, where I was well known, I tossed my "grip" to a boy, wrote my name upon the register, ordered a big bedroom with a fire in the grate, a bottle of champagne and some cigars, and retired from view. For a couple of hours I sat before the fire smoking and toasting my shins, and carefully considering the future. It was by no means an easy matter to lay out any definite plans, and after sending my mind into every nook and corner of the world that I could think of, without producing any encouraging results, I determined to sleep over the situation and tackle it again in the morning.

It was probably two o'clock when I finally turned down my light and rolled into bed. I had left most of my clothing in a large chair in the middle of the room, but my trousers, with my military two-dollar bill in the pocket, I had tossed upon a little table at the head of the bed. An hour or more elapsed. My brain must have been worked up to a high degree of tension, for I could not compose myself to slumber. I had rolled about somewhat in my various efforts to strike a comfortable and somnolent position, and had pretty nearly resigned myself to a wakeful night, when something happened.

Through the semi-gloom of the apartment I saw the lower sash of the window begin slowly, cautiously and silently to rise, and presently I could detect, silhouetted against the lighter atmosphere without, the head and shoulders of a man. It struck me as being so utterly ridiculous for a burglar to select my quarters as a presumably profitable field of operations that I made no attempt whatsoever to repel the intruder. As a matter of fact, I was as eager to observe what he would do when he reached the bonanza he was seeking as he could possibly have been to reach it. I lay perfectly still and pretended to be sound asleep.

The burglar stepped noiselessly into the room and came cautiously across the floor. After a moment of listening at the bedside, he evidently concluded I was all right, for I could hear him pick up my trousers and lay some metallic object down upon the little table, while he proceeded to explore my pockets. Having completed this process he walked coolly over to the chair containing my other effects, and began turning them over. Glancing over my shoulder, I noticed that the metallic object placed upon the table by my uninvited visitor was a short, thick, heavy calibre revolver. I stealthily reached out for the weapon, and, catching the burglar with it, sat up in bed.

The sound of my movement caught his ear. He turned quickly and took a step toward me. When he saw the pistol he stopped, put up his hands, and looked foolish.

"Stand right where you are," said I. "If you make a move I will shoot."

"All right, governor," replied the burglar. "You've got me dead to rights. I have nothing to say."

"Shut up!" I commanded sternly.

I arose, turned up the lights, and looked at my new acquaintance. After a minute, I asked:

"Do you know what I intend doing with you?"

"Hand me over to the coppers, I suppose,"

he returned sulkily.

"You do what I tell you," I retorted, "and you can walk out of here a free man." "S'pose I don't?" "Then," I went on, "you will be carried out, feet first, with a big hole in you about half way between your chin and belt. I am not fooling."

"Well," he growled, "what do you want?" "Take off your clothes."

"What's that?"

"Take off your clothes."

"What d—d nonsense is this?"

"QUICK!" I exclaimed, and cocked the revolver.

It was a self-cocker, by the way, but I cocked it for effect. The man began to disrobe. When he had everything off but his undershirt, I told him to get into bed and turn his face to the wall.

"If you turn over," said I, "you are as dead as Christopher Columbus."

He lost no time in obeying, though the puzzled look upon his features told that he had not the faintest idea what I was driving at. I would have given a good deal to know what was passing through his mind just then. I fancy he must have thought he had broken into an asylum for the incurably insane.

Having once more cautioned him not to stir, I proceeded to dress myself. I then went through the pockets of the burglar's clothes, where I found a number of keys, a watch, several pawn tickets, a short Jimmy, a thin-bladed knife, and ninety-four dollars in cash.

"Now, my friend," I observed, at parting, "I am going out of here. You may remain until morning, if you like. I shall leave your clothes in the cloak room. You can get them at any time, after an hour, by ringing for them. Your revolver, watch and money I will keep as mementoes of this meeting. By the way, I am much obliged to you for dropping in."

There was a muttered curse from the bed.

"Don't swear," said I, reprovingly. "It shocks me to bear profanity at a time like this, when heaven has so clearly sent you to me. Remember my directions. If you disobey them you will surely be sent to jail. Good night."

I went out, locked the door on the outside, and walked downstairs. I told the night clerk a friend had called on me and was so much intoxicated that after getting him to bed I had locked him into the room and brought away his clothes, to be sure he would get an hour's rest. In the morning the clothes could be sent up to their owner. Then I paid the bill and sallied out.

The spirit of gambling was upon me. I walked briskly down the street to a place I knew, where the game was still open. I bought a fifty dollar stack of checks and began to play. I kept playing, without a break, for two days and nights. And after that, I kept on playing, until I had won almost fabulous sums. The burglar, I have always believed in my bones, was an instrument of Providence, sent straight to relieve me of my hoodoo. I never saw him again. Probably he has it yet.

**Disease Conquered.**

**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gain Another Great Victory.**

**A Reporter's Searching Investigation Into a Case at Orangeville—The Claims Made on Behalf of this Medicine Fully Borne Out—The Greatest Healing Medicine of the Age.**

From the Orangeville Sun.

In a cosy little house in Margaret street, in this town, lives Mr. John Garrity, his wife and family, although a few years ago a sadder household would be hard to find. Their happiness was not occasioned by the sudden obtaining of a fortune, but by something much more precious—the restoration to health of a wife and mother when everyone whispered that she must die. Our reporter heard of Mrs. Garrity's illness and cure, and for the benefit of our readers investigated the case; what he learned is well worth repeating. A few years ago Mr. Garrity kept a well known hotel at Cheltenham and was known far and wide for his kindness and hospitality; his wife, too, was noted for her amiability. However, she was stricken with a peculiar sickness, her health failed rapidly and from one hundred and forty-seven pounds her weight became reduced to ninety-five pounds. Fainting spells became frequent, and a continual pain in the back of her head almost drove her frantic. Physicians were in attendance, but the doctors all said there was no hope. Mrs. Garrity saw death staring her in the face, and the thought of leaving her little children caused her much sadness. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but thought they could not possibly do her any good when physicians had failed to alleviate her sufferings. Hoping, however, almost against hope, she procured a supply, and wonderful to relate she had not been taking Pink Pills long when the dreadful symptoms of her illness began to pass away, and to-day she is the picture of health. A few months ago Mr. Garrity and family removed to Orangeville, and in conversation with our representative Mrs. Garrity said: "I cannot find words to express my thankfulness for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. Why it is almost miraculous. I wish that everyone who is suffering as I was will hear of this remedy. We always keep a box of the Pink Pills in the house."

After tea to-night when you sit down for your evening smoke kindly consider the advisability of getting a full box of fine Havanas at Muller's, nine King west. Box buying is money saving—you get a finer cigar for less money, too.

**A Philosopher King.**

Not many monarchs attain celebrity as philosophers. King Oscar of Sweden is, however, an exception, and the Senate of the Vienna University has, with the Emperor Francis Joseph's approval, made the King an Honorary Doctor of Philosophy, in recognition of his service to science. King Oscar is a poet, mathematician, and Orientalist. He has the works of many learned men published at his own expense, and is a great patron of scientific expeditions to the Polar regions.

The SATURDAY NIGHT Building has been very successful as an office building, their being little room to let. This is an evidence of its popularity and of the wisdom of its location, near the new City Hall. There is a nice room now vacant on the first floor which it would be well to inspect if you are thinking of a change. See the business manager.

**The Department Store.**

**T**HE Toledo Journal sent out a commissioner to investigate the operations of department stores in Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Toronto and other places, and his observations were very interesting, showing that everywhere the department store uses the same artifices to delude the public, destroy competition and amass fortunes rapidly. Reverting to the subject last week the Journal says:

"It is claimed that, because of these aggregate evils, costs to the consumer are reduced. This specious argument is heralded far and wide, and most industriously, but the real truth is, if we will examine it carefully, that the department store does not lower costs to the consumer. It may, and most probably does, lower values, but a cheap thing is notoriously a poor thing. 'Something for nothing' is an old cry, but it is void of solvent truth. To offer articles of known value that other articles, little known, may be unloaded at a great profit, does not augur for real service. The department store does not and cannot buy more cheaply than the merchant who devotes his entire time and ability to purveying a single line of merchandise. It is not reasonable that it should. Nor is the money of these concerns of greater value than that of the regular merchant. Nor is the cry of 'selling for cash' of weight. For all business is done on a cash basis. It is merely a scheme of concentration, which does not sustain the promises of help which it makes. It is much like the claim of the Standard Oil Company that it has reduced the cost of oil to the consumer. A mere claim which facts do not substantiate. For we would unquestionably have had oil in abundance and quite as low in price as we have to-day had there never been a Standard Oil Company. True, the Standard has 'hogged' fortunes away from a multitude of small operators ruined and destroyed on all hands; suborned and corrupted railroad officials; cunningly invaded legislatures and influenced laws for its own behoof, but that it has ever lowered the cost of illuminating oil to the consumer is easily disproved. So with the department store, it is a glaring fraud on its face. It may be that we will be compelled to cure this evil on the old plan of curing the bite of a dog by using the hair of the canine. That we will need to organize co-operative stores, in which the true communal, or socialistic idea, is carried out, in lieu of allowing the department store to kill off opposition for the sole advantage of the owners thereof. For, be it true, as claimed for the trust and department store, that mankind is better served thus, then mankind, and not a favored few, ought to reap the advantage."

**A Strange Decision.**

**Punch** is supposed to have sent out his "not-to-be-believed" interviewer to have a chat with Prince Ranjitsinji, who is reported to be returning to India this fall to seek to recover his principality. The interviewer asked if it was true. He said it was.

"You see," he explained, "I am more or less a king in my own country."

"What, have power of life and death, and that sort of thing?"

"Well, yes; there or there about."

"And I suppose," I suggested, "when you go out for a walk, they turn out the guard and fire a salute of guns?"

"Yes," he admitted; "that's the idea."

"And I suppose you can wear robes of diamonds instead of flannels."

"Quite so; in my own country I would have to exchange this fanny cap for a turban encrusted with precious stones."

"And yet, in spite of all this nuisance, you have determined, with your great position in

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**12 STEARNS' and 27 GOLD BICYCLES ARE GIVEN AWAY FOR EVERY MONTH**

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Your anxiety is for your delicate child; the child that in spite of all your careful over-watching, keeps thin and pale. Exercise seems to weaken her and food fails to nourish. That child needs Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites—not as a medicine, but as a food containing all the elements of growth. It means rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, sound digestion. No child refuses Scott's Emulsion. It is pleasant and palatable.

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IF SO . . .

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will interest you. Being blended from the finest and purest obtainable, it makes a cup worth drinking.

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OVEN is VENTILATED and CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM—this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT. Every housewife knows what an advantage this is.....

Quick Working! Easily Handled! Sparng on Fuel!

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If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

the field, to give up the game?"

"Yes," he said; "I have."

He sobbed for some moments, and then wiped away his tears, and added, "But it's only for a time!"

And when this last item became known, to adopt an Eastern phrase, the cricket ball of hope lowered the stumps of despair.

**Apparently Safe.**

She was tall, she was thin, she was angular, she was homely, she was dressed in execrable taste, and she was as unattractive a female as anyone ever laid eyes upon; but she was timid. She came into the car and examined us cursorily with her weak and watery eyes; then she sidled up to the seat half occupied by the quiet man.

"Are you married?" she asked him, earnestly.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, wondering if she were crazy.

"Do you love your wife?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, blushing, and convinced that he must humor her.

"You'd die before you'd hurt her feelings!"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly.

"Do you belong to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you believe in a hell?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to church regularly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you disgrace her?"

"Ye—I mean no, ma'am."

"Have you sisters?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you bring the blush of shame to their cheeks?"

"No, ma'am."

"And what is your business? Are you a drummer?"

"No, ma'am. I'm a minister of the Gospel."

"Would you be torn apart by wild horses before you would do anything to disgrace the cloth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well," she said, with a sigh of relief, "I guess I dare sit beside you to the next station."

She Couldn't.

Chicago Times-Herald.

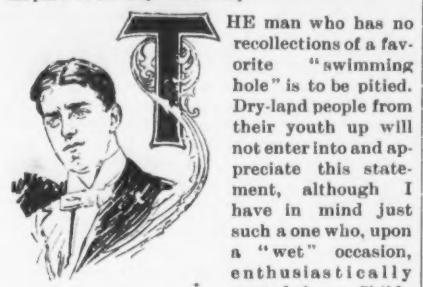
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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## Swimming and Swimmers.

The frequent drowning accidents along the Toronto waterfront prove that we, as a people, are not sufficiently at home in the water. A young man should be able to save his own life when upset in the water, and should be able to rescue a drowning person. Not content with supplying a constable to drag for the bodies of drowned persons, should not the city endeavor to prevent drownings? The Toronto Swimming Club is an athletic organization that, above all others, deserves to be given the encouragement of the City Council. The Mayor of Toronto might wisely offer medals and diplomas for monthly swimming competitions, and so patronize the life-saving sport that swimming clubs would soon be in full swing in all parts of the city.—EDITOR.



HE man who has no recollections of a favorite "swimming hole" is to be pitied. Dry-land people from their youth up will not enter into and appreciate this statement, although I have in mind just such a one who, upon a "wet" occasion, enthusiastically quoted from Childe Harold, "From a boy I wanted with thy breakers," as if he'd out-Byron Byron in intense love for old ocean. Nor will those who have heeded the dictum of the old nursery rhyme, whose refrain is "And don't go near the water," be expected to understand in a personal sense John J. Ingalls' delight at "The swinging surges pulsating above him," as he plunged into the "green darkness."

The various public events of the Toronto Swimming Club prove that great interest is taken in swimming, for large crowds attend weekly at the Island for the purpose of witnessing the events in the water. Last year, and this year too, the swimming championship of the city was made a leading feature of the I. A. A. programme. The shores of the "long pond" were lined with people of both sexes, all absorbed in seeing the quickest swimmer win the 100 yards race and the coveted honor.

To save life is the initial object of the Toronto Swimming Club, as it is of the clubs of the United Kingdom, over which H. R. H. the Duke of York presides. To this end various means are employed. For instance, plunging, which consists of a dive and no other movement in still water, lying flat on the surface, face submerged, and staying there as long as possible. The plunge ceases as soon as the head is raised. It is known to all who have been much in or around the water that the natural buoyancy of the body will only suffice to keep one-third of the body above water, and that it takes properly directed motion to keep the other two-thirds

bath with his left hand, reaches around to the left with his right hand, bunches his limbs all up into a sort of ball, turns rapidly, ducks his head, and gives a powerful kick with both legs and extends both arms and starts to swim as soon as speed slackens."

The members of the Club practice in old clothes at times; indulge in fancy diving, trick and fancy swimming; find bottom in deep water, where they "see lidless-eyed monsters leering past;" practice various kinds of strokes, such as English racing-stroke (single oar), Trudgen stroke, Indian stroke, breast stroke, side stroke, back stroke, life-saving stroke (a sort of quick, unfinished kick), relief strokes and methods; floating with hands on back or

West of Scotland; Mr. Sutton has no fewer than seventy-odd English medals, and Mr. Firth is now 100 yards champion of Toronto. A line, too, may not be misplaced in saying a kindly word of Captain Kenneth Simpson, who won the mile race this year on a very stormy day. In the illustration he is shown about 100 yards from the winning line, with his father in the canoe beside him. He is noted for his breast stroke, and is a swimmer of whom more will be heard.

In life-saving practice the Club follows the Sylvester method, which may briefly be described as follows: When respiration is to be artificially restored the subject is laid upon his back, the chest being elevated by placing the

she had no longer any personal fear, for she had just seen her own world safely bosomed in the hold of sleep, she hastened with an unhappy, sick feeling of dread to the window, fearing to see she knew not what in the greater world outside.

It was scarcely five o'clock, but the sun was already an astonishing distance above the horizon and sparkled on the wide sea with a brightness that decency would have dimmed when such a cry was going out upon it. She could see nothing wrong; everything was impossible bright and busy, and exactly as she had seen it morning by morning for a month. But as she stood there the cry rose again, and then she saw the dark figure of a man on the beach, throwing up his arms to the sky and then bending towards the earth as if between these two inexorable forces he was held in torment and could not escape. She watched him for a moment, shivering by the window and listening for that dreadful cry as it rose and fell on the wind. It seemed to be one word repeated, but she could not tell what it was. Then a man whom she knew passed her window, pulling on his coat as he ran, and she shouted to him shrilly without any feeling of shame. What was the matter with the poor man? And when she understood that he did not know she called to him again to find out quickly, and if there were anything that she could do to let her know.

It seemed an eternity before he returned after having spoken with the man, who barely paused in his wild, uneven course along a short strip of the shore and back again, to answer her. It turned out that he was a Frenchman who had been out overnight fishing with his little boy, a lad of twelve. There had been a surf, as they remembered now, and the girl thought with a feeling of guilt that she had listened comfortably to the roar of the waves without pausing to consider that they might harm anyone. But there had been a surf, and it had been hard to get the boat out. The man himself had taken the stern and the boy had been at the side of the boat near the bow. At first he had not missed him, but when he looked he was gone. It was his name that he had been calling. The girl could make it out now quite plainly, "Johnny, Johnny." It had seemed at first like the howl of some hog-ridden animal.

She was horrified at the inaction of the man whom she knew; he had returned so quickly, and now stood buttoning his coat thoughtfully as if there were nothing to be done. When she spoke to him he said there was nothing, it had happened about ten o'clock the night before. When the tide came in perhaps—there was a current inshore near where the father was; that was what he was waiting for. The girl put out her hand shuddering to let him know that she understood. But if the man had been going up and down the shore like that all night how tired he must be, and how hungry! He would die if he didn't get something to eat. No, he had been sleeping in his boat part of the time. The girl did not tell me how astonished she was to hear this, but I knew what she thought about it. To howl like that and go to sleep, then to wake and go on howling.

The man to whom the girl spoke from her window was very willing to take some bread and meat down to the shore, but didn't think he could say anything comforting to the man, although the girl suggested that he should do so. The man on the shore was French and needed a priest. He wouldn't understand anything that this man could say to him. So the girl sat at the window, sick and helpless, and watched the struggling figure of the man on the shore. Sometimes he would throw himself upon the sand and grovel there, only to rise again with that dreadful cry as if he would call Johnny back from the wandering sea.

Up to this point in her story the girl had told it with considerable dramatic force and steadiness of purpose. But now she began to betray a slight inconsequence and an uneasy, inartistic feeling of some break in the narrative that I could not help resenting with a little disappointment. But she was young and not clever, certainly to be forgiven much in consequence.

Presently the rest of the world rose from sleep and had to eat their customary breakfast, which was as heartless as everything else. Someone took the man away for a while, but he escaped and went further down the beach to his friends, the fishermen, who were coming in with laden boats and knew nothing of it.

When the girl went for her morning walk with the usual company of people they forsook the shore and followed the road instead. Finally they found their way by a gate into a green field, where there was a wild rose-tree in an ecstasy of bloom. But even the pink blossoms, so dear and tender, were astonishing and heartless. Where was the gayety that had danced along the meadows? Where was the balm that had fallen from the skies? Vanished, forgotten, and in their place a brooding menace in the heart of the brightness, a mysterious, implacable fate that threatened from the sea.

Then a doubt grew in the air floating down from some unknown distance, and Alphonse was gathered hastily from the field and despatched, via Billy, a cumbersome farm animal, to break the news to Johnny's mother if he must, but first to see what he could see and hear what he could hear.

Alphonse returned with a dark, inscrutable French face, but was intercepted by the girl at the gate of the green field and the rose-tree. He guess Johnny all right, did Alphonse? In fact, after minute questioning it appeared that Alphonse had met Johnny on the road and had driven him to school, but had wisely said nothing to disturb Johnny on the subject of drowning. Johnny, it seemed, had spent the night under the shelter of his mother's wing in his little bed at home.

And the perfidious French fisherman—he had been drinking. That was sufficient explanation of the whole occurrence to the neighborhood who knew him. But the girl said, remembering that cry: "And didn't he really think that Johnny was drowned?" Of course he did. It was evident that the girl did not understand, so a sturdy old land-owner who had been down in the fulness of his heart to wrestle with Johnny's father, led her aside and explained that if she were to take a tin cup, fill it with gin and place it on the back of the stove to heat considerably, she might have some idea of the breath of the bereaved parent at that moment. Then the company, with

their emotions shattered into minute particles, hoped that the horrors would do Johnny's father good.

Then the sky and the sea trembled and changed. The poppies, flaunting bravely in the garden, were no longer hardened criminals steeped in too searching a dye, and the musician of the day, with a boldness that was almost petrifying, proceeded to conduct the same symphony with variations suitable to the occasion.

RHUE.

## A Ballad of Bonanza Creek.

**U**HEN Clarence Lane (a gentleman  
Of birth and cleric collar) [ma  
Was asked by Miss DeBelle's mamma  
For his worth in yearly dollars,  
He learned that though he burned with a  
That was feverish to fidgets,

His yearnings would avail him naught  
Till his earnings reached four digits.

Then spoke this Lane: "To slave for gain  
Befits not my degree,  
But ho! for the land of the yellow sand  
Where the glittering gold goes free!

Let Jenkins grind as a beastly clerk  
As long as Jenkins will,  
I'm off to seek Bonanza Creek  
And the gold that wins my Lil."

He sank his all in "potted" horse  
And "desecrated" kittens,  
In fury coats and folding boats,  
In moccasins and mittens;

Then bade farewell to Miss DeBelle,  
Whose grief was such at parting,  
That Jenkins, calling later, found  
Her eyes still smeared and smarting.

The railroad train bore Clarence Lane  
As far as it could go;

He finished the trip in a cattle ship  
That landed at Juneau,  
From Dyea, through the Chilcotin pass,  
He scrambled some two miles,

Then a blizzard blew, as blizzards do,  
In several different styles.

It buried him three feet in snow  
On the top of his two sledges,  
Froze ears and nose, thumbs, fingers, toes,  
And such like ends and edges;

And when his "packers" brought him back  
To Dyea and his senses,  
They kept his money and his goods  
For their incident expenses.

He lost both ears, his only nose,  
His Lil and seven fingers.  
(She married Jenkins when she heard),

At Dyea, Clarence lingers.  
He has a mint of wisdom now,  
But money—not a dime,  
For you can't sell wisdom in the rough  
And he has no ears for rhyme.

Toronto, August, '97. O.H.

## The Industrial Exhibition.

**T**HE Torontonian who is out of town has to be very guarded in his speech for the annual exhibition is upon us and the country cousin has turned his longing eyes towards Toronto. The least remark dropped by a *pater familiaris* is seized upon and tormented into an invitation, and many a Torontonian has returned home little thinking that the country relatives whom he had just left have decided to descend upon him because at parting he unthinkingly said, "See you again at Exhibition time." Let the city man but mention the word *Exhibition* in the count and watch the result. Faces will brighten up, eyes will look eager and alert, while the general atmosphere becomes charged with a sense of favors to come. But city people should welcome country visitors at Fair time because they make the Fair great, and, moreover, they always welcome city visitors on the farm. To the man from the country the Toronto Industrial Exhibition is a bigger event than to the city man, and much of the success attendant upon the Industrial Exhibition is due to the greater sense of its value to the country felt by the former. Torontonians are liable to laugh at the eagerness which people from other parts of the country exhibit towards the Fair, forgetting that but for that same eagerness the Toronto Industrial Exhibition would have never been anything but a local institution like Woodbridge Fair, with perhaps less reputation. The sympathy and support which the Fair has always obtained from the country have helped in large measure to bring it to what it is, have enabled those who have it in hand to do their duty with success, have brought about the expansion which has made it international. This year's exhibition has much to attract our attention beyond other previous ones both in the scope of the Exhibition which has been enlarged; the number of the exhibits, which has been increased; the magnitude and number of the entertainment features, some of which are more than usually appropriate. The preparation being made at the Exhibition grounds, and those made by the railways all indicate another successful Exhibition. All that is now required is fine weather.

The difference between country and city people has been well described thus: A farmer and his family will welcome a visitor, take him home, give him the best room and the cream of everything the country produces, but he hates to spend money on him; the city man, on the other hand, will do anything possible for a visitor, save and except take him home—he will spend money on him, hire cabs, buy theater tickets, he would almost rather pay his hotel bill than take him home. And the reason of this difference probably is, that the farmer has no money to waste, and the city man has no house-room to spare.

## A Regretted Loss.

An old Scotchman, who had been a long time in the colonies, paid a visit to his "native glen" and, meeting an old schoolmate, they sat down to have a chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain George McKay.

"He's dead long ago," said his friend, "an' I'll never cease regrettin' him as long as I live." "Dear me!" Had you such a respect for him as that?"

"Na, na; it was na' on'y respect I had for himself; but I married his widow."



Toronto Swimming Club—Rear of the Camp, Turner's Baths, Toronto Island.

breast; diving for twelve plates in a twenty-four feet ring (approximately); upsetting boat and allowing it to float bottom upwards, so as to contain air space. (It is told me that some members of the Club have this down so fine that two or three men can swim underneath it and come up and talk in the bottom—now top—of the boat for two or three minutes). Racing of various sorts is indulged in, and so effective has been the practice of members that they hold the trophies of almost every competition they have entered for the past two years. Last year Mr. Mart Wilkinson won the city championship, 100 yards without turn, in 73 seconds. Firth this year, at the I. A. A. sports on Saturday, carried off the prize in about the same time, with President Goode and C. Norris a tie for

most convenient thing at hand under the shoulders. The hands of the life-saver are placed upon the chest of the subject and pressed downward with a steady and regular force. It is recommended also that the weight of the operator be thrown upon the hands by a forward movement of the body. One of the illustrations shows the classes of the Club at practice in this movement. Rescuing drill, which includes best methods of escaping the "death clutch" of the drowning, is likewise a part of the Club's regular programme.

It may perhaps be of interest to the public to know that the methods of teaching and practice of the Club are very effective. For instance, a week before the annual tournament the young lad who was the worst swimmer in the Club so improved by tuition and practice during the week that he won the third place in the 100 yards handicap in a big field. The Toronto Swimming Club is doing good work.

Toronto, August, '97. W. J. WATSON.

## A Tragedy on Bail.

**O**NE of the strange things that we are perpetually discovering is the way an event will change the atmosphere of a place. No matter how often we experience it, the transformation when it comes, as it always will come suddenly, is as startling and absorbing as if we had only for the first time been made aware of its possibility. The same blue sky that laughed at dawn may glow with an awful, intangible horror at noon, and we are continually drawing the attention of others to this as if they had never experienced the thing for themselves, forgetting that they may have hated the stars for being cold and unfeeling before we were born, and had not been raptured some distant yesterday by that music of the earth, audible only to those who are happy.

There was once a young woman who thought that she had had a somewhat exceptional experience of the transforming power of a tragedy, and this is the way that she told the story, apparently sure that she was relating something quite new and very wonderful. So I lost nothing from any lack of emphasis on her part.

She went to bed one night, very well and very happy, in a place of which she was extremely fond, although it was not her home. She was rather an innocent and not too clever maiden, and as she lay in her white bed in the early morning, with her little nose pointing at the ceiling, which slanted away steeply on one side, as ceilings frequently do in the country, I have no doubt at all that she was having a very fine time. Indeed, she mentioned that she was in the middle of a lovely sleep when all at once a terrible dream seized her, and when she awoke, as she must have done instantly, she found herself running frantically down the hall that led past her room to the other end of the house. In her dream she thought that she had heard the voice of one of her own people calling the name of one who had been long dead, with an excess of anguish that meant that life was no longer supportable in that intolerable absence, and the girl was

second place. Although there were originally twelve entries, only one gentleman outside of the Club membership faced the music.

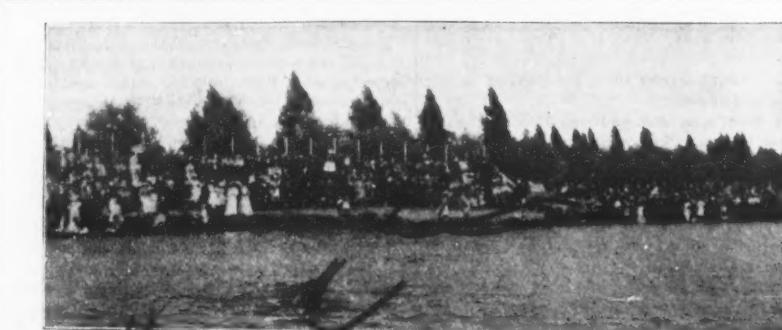
The captaincy this year was won by K. Simpson, who distanced all competitors in the mile race.

The energetic president and officers are constantly devising new methods and plans to incite "the boys" to honest emulation. For instance, as soon as a member can swim 100 yards in 100 seconds he is given a white star, with the privilege of wearing it on his swimming costume; for 90 seconds 2 stars, and for 85 seconds 3 stars. In every event finished by any member one point is given; for finishing second two points, for a first three points; and in events in which the entries are more than twelve, four points are given the doughty member. At the end of the season a cup worth \$5 is given to the member having the greatest number of points. Every week, also, a silver medal is given to the winner of the weekly 100 yards handicap.

The Toronto Swimming Club was organized on June 21, 1894, with a membership of 15. Not half of the members could swim. In 1895 they organized a summer camp at the Island, first near Turner's baths, with 25 members. An increase of ten was made by the 1896 camp, and this year the club has



Toronto Swimming Club—The Life Saving Drill.



K. Simpson, nearing the end of the mile swim, winning the Captaincy and mile championship.

not weaken them. He replied: "It is an old-fashioned notion that the water weakens you. The fact is that the alleged weakening is entirely due to muscular exertion. In swimming the exercise is unwanted and unusual, and brings into play new sets of muscles, which soon become injured thereto by constant and continual practice." Mr. Goode is very enthusiastic, and one day he told me how an experienced swimmer, rested the latter in swimming in a tank. "Suppose," said he, "a man swims on his left side. He touches the end of the

bath with his left hand, reaches around to the left with his right hand, bunches his limbs all up into a sort of ball, turns rapidly, ducks his head, and gives a powerful kick with both legs and extends both arms and starts to swim as soon as speed slackens."

The members of the Club practice in old clothes at times; indulge in fancy diving, trick and fancy swimming; find bottom in deep water, where they "see lidless-eyed monsters leering past;" practice various kinds of strokes, such as English racing-stroke (single oar), Trudgen stroke, Indian stroke, breast stroke, side stroke, back stroke, life-saving stroke (a sort of quick, unfinished kick), relief strokes and methods; floating with hands on back or



August 28, 1897

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

**Studio and Gallery**

Mr. G. C. Downes, secretary of the Ontario Art School, has placed in the printer's hands the course of study of the School for the winter season. A few changes are noticeable in the management as well as in the arrangement of classes. The advisory committee is dispensed with, and the names of Messrs. F. MacGillivray Knowles, O.S.A., and S. G. Curry added to the board of directors. The staff of teachers is the same as last year. The School opens on September 27. Classes meet daily; also in the evening for those whose engagements render their attendance in the day-time impossible. The subjects studied are of a most practical nature indeed, and this is particularly emphasized by the fact that many graduates of this school fill desirable positions and execute work much appreciated and of practical value. For the third year in succession the gold medal for the advanced course has been awarded to a student of this school, also the silver medal for industrial design, and bronze medals for drawing from life, painting in oil, lithography and wood-carving. Certificates, the allowance for which increased the Government grant of \$400 by \$80, were also given this year. A sentence or two I copy *verbatim* from the printed report. Perhaps they may be a word to the wise: "More especially felt is the need of some new casts for the antique classes; those we have, have been in use for a number of years and need sadly to be replaced. It is therefore of the greatest importance that new and generous subscriptions should be made to the School by all who desire to promote the culture of art in the city of Toronto."

There seems to be an impression in the minds of some that the Art Gallery at the Exhibition will contain pictures which have been before the public at some time previous. It is neither the intention nor the desire of the committee to admit any such if possible. It is not permissible to remove for a year any of the collection at present on view in the Normal School, as some have seemed to suppose, so that the display at the Exhibition promises to be of particular interest.

Mr. Holmes, art master in Upper Canada College and president of the Students' Art League, is spending a few weeks in Quebec. He expects to meet there a number of non-resident members of the League from New York, and also a few of the Toronto members, this week. They expect to spend a short while together in the study of some of the many interesting scenes with which that old historical city abounds.

Amongst the names deservedly prominent in

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**Portraiture**

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A lady high in social circles in Kingston writes us:

DEAR SIR.—A picture arrived safely on Saturday. I can hardly tell you how much pleased we are with it. Mr. —— particularly thinks it the best and highest art production he has ever seen. It will give us much pleasure to show it to our friends; in fact, to anyone. We have already had a great many calls to see it, and all have given it unanimous praise. I hope our dear return to Kingston will have the pleasure of thanking you personally, and assuring you of our hearty assistance in every way.

We shall make a very choice display of several grades of work at the coming exhibition (second floor Main Building), where an attendant will be pleased to point out the merits of our work.

We invite inspection.

**The HIGH GRADE ART CO.**  
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Little Pitchers.  
Pick-Me-Up.



"Daddy, can whisky talk?"  
"No, of course not."  
"Then why did Aunt Maria say it was telling on you more and more?"

this city amongst china artists, the name of Miss L. Couen ranks with the first. A very good example of her delicacy of touch and beauty of coloring is to be seen on some of the plates decorated by her for the State Set, her shells being particularly dainty and pleasing, as are also the plates of Miss H. M. Procter. Both these young ladies have other examples of their work on view at the Pantheon—the one a beautiful bowl, painted in flowers, the work of a pupil of Miss Couen; the other a handsome vase, beautifully finished with Dresden figures, the joint work of Miss Procter and a Barrie lady.

It will, it is believed, be of interest to many ladies of Toronto to know that it is expected Mr. Franz A. Bischoff, china artist, is to spend some little time in Toronto in the spring. Many will be glad to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Bischoff and to benefit by his instruction.

He expects to attend the Fair of the Western Decorating Works in Chicago this fall. Mr. F. B. Aulich, who it was hoped would be prevailed upon to visit Toronto in the same interest this fall, is compelled to postpone his visit until probably next year. He is teaching at present in Chicago. Later on he proposes spending a few weeks in Pittsburgh.

The Art Students' League continue faithfully their sketching excursions every Saturday. Last week they visited Lambton.

Mr. Forshaw Day, R.C.A., recently in connection with the Military School in Kingston, has removed to Halifax.

Miss S. Holden of Montreal, a very talented painter and member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Artists, is at present visiting at the home of her cousin, Mr. W. Gregg, Deer Park.

Mr. Henry Martin, associate of the R.C.A., has been spending some time in the neighborhood of St. Catharines.

Mr. Homer Watson, R. C. A., is at present in England. His many friends will be glad to know that two of his paintings have been on exhibition at the new art gallery there.

Mr. Robert Harris, president of the Royal Canadian Academy, is at present in Charlottetown, painting a memorial portrait of his mother; also a church group.

Miss H. Hancock, teacher of art in the Bishop Strachan Ladies' College, whose summer has been devoted entirely to sketching from nature, spends this week at Fonthill in the neighborhood of St. Catharines.

A very beautiful painting, which it was hoped would appear at the Exhibition, the work of E. S. Calvert of Glasgow, has been on view at Roberts' Art Gallery. It is an Apple Orchard in Barbizon, France. Delicate coloring and simplicity of composition are among its good features.

It is well to be a foreign artist in New York. They seem to skim the cream of art work and leave the remainder to the native-born Yankee.

Here is a list of quite reliable prices which must make Toronto artists long for a foreign education and a studio in New York. These are the prices of M. Carlos Duran and Mr. Sargent, who, though a United Stateser, reaps the harvest of two fields: Life-size portrait bust, \$4,000; three-quarter length, \$8,000; full length, \$8,000. For a child's portrait, life-size bust, \$3,000; three-quarter length, \$4,000; full length, \$8,000. Mother and child, three-quarter length, \$10,000; full length, \$14,000. M. Chartran's prices are a very little less. Madrazo, the Spaniard by birth but Parisian artist, who also visits New York, charges \$2,000 for a life-size bust, \$4,000 for a three-quarter length, and \$6,000 for a full-length portrait.

An interesting daguerreotype of Louis Philippe has been presented to the Musée Carnavalet. It was taken by Daguerre himself, about 1840, and represents the Citizen King seated, his hands resting on the arms of a chair. He has the short side whiskers and the "toupet" with which he is generally represented. The portrait, we understand, will not be published.

A good art-critic story of the late Sir John Millais was told recently by his son, Mr. J. G. Millais. Almost the last work that Sir Edwin Landseer was engaged on was a life-size picture of Neil Gwynne passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to Sir John Millais to complete. One morning a celebrated art critic called, and was much impressed with his work. "Ah, to be sure," he said, going up close and examining the deerhound, which almost breathed, in the foreground of the picture, "how easily one can recognize Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Sir John, lighting another pipe; "I finished paint-

ing that dog yesterday morning, and I have done the whole of it myself." JEAN GRANT.

**The Bravest Deed.**

The Youth's Companion.

A GROUP of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

"In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle-pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm goin' to take that poor feller my canteen."

"For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

"Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this boy would not allow. He only smiled happily and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said, simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all."

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier, with a quavering voice.

**A Record Breaker.**

Owen Sound Sun.

The largest vessel that was ever in the harbor of Owen Sound, carrying the heaviest cargo of grain ever brought here, arrived yesterday from Chicago. She is the City of Naples of Vermillion, Capt. George Bell; length, 328 feet; beam, 43 feet; depth of hold, 21 feet; capacity, 3,000 tons; cylinders, 20, 32 and 36 inches. She brought in 100,000 bushels of corn, weighing 2,800 tons, and was drawing 16 feet of water.

**An Editor in Luck.**

Chicago Times-Herald.

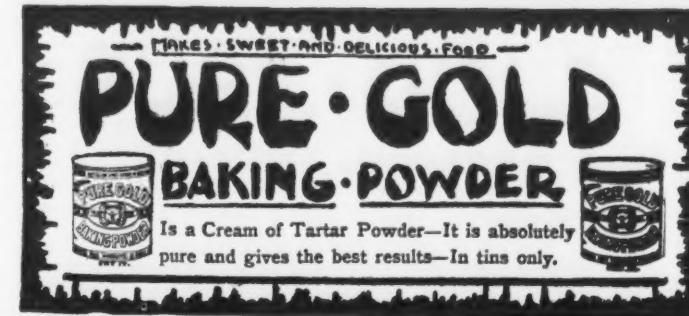
The boom of prosperity has struck one Kansas editor, at least. He says: "Our road tax this year was one dollar, and as we couldn't pay it we have been sentenced to work on the road for fifteen days. There will be no issue of this paper for the next two weeks. But the county will have to board us, so we expect to come out about six dollars ahead."

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

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Nothing Ails the Air of Canterbury.

The doctor gave it as his opinion that the air of Canterbury was too relaxing for Mrs. Caroline Boys, an old resident of the place.

His judgment was based upon the fact that in July, 1891, she began to feel weak and ailing. Presently she looked as badly as she felt. Her skin and the whites of her eyes turned yellow, and she went feebly about her work, as one who works because she must, not because there is any comfort or pleasure in it. She says her mouth tasted badly, her appetite fell away, and the little she ate caused her "awful pain in the side and chest."

She had a constant noise or ringing in the head, and the nerves of her face twitched in dreadfully. "After a time," she says, "my breathing got so bad that, on occasions, I had difficulty to struggle and fight to catch my breath.

At night I got little or no sleep, and during the day I felt extremely nervous, then I knew not what to do with myself. Then all the strength appeared to be going out of me—it was all I could do to walk even a short distance.

"If I raised my eyes to look upwards my head swam round, and I would reel as if about to fall. It was about a year I was in this condition, and the doctor said the air of Canterbury was too relaxing for me. But neither his medicines nor the medicines I had from the Dispensary did me any good. My first real encouragement I got from reading one of Mother Seigel's almanacks that somebody had at the house. It described my symptoms exactly, and said my ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. So, believing what I read, I went to the stores and bought the medicine—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. When I had taken half a bottle I felt great relief. My breathing became better, and I continued to take the Syrup. I was rid of all the pain and noise in the head. I found I could eat too, my appetite returned and strength with it. Now if ever I feel that I need medicine I take the Syrup, and it puts me right directly. (Signed) Mother Seigel, 148 Northgate Street, Canterbury, January 4th, 1894."

The outcome of this case proves that it was not the relaxing air of Canterbury, but a temporary collapse of her digestion that gave Mrs. Boys so unpleasant and menacing an experience. Many a person has tried the favorite prescription, "change of air," for that trouble, and always fruitlessly. What is needed is something that will drive the impurities and poisons—the "dirt," as a great doctor calls it—out of the blood, and thus set the stomach, liver, etc., at good, honest work again. When that is done, as Seigel's Syrup does it, the Canterbury air is all the better for air, is plenty good enough. At all events this lady is content with the atmosphere Providence gives her to breathe, ever since she found out the real nature of her malady and the cure for it.

Another respected correspondent, Mrs. Dora Binne, provision dealer, of 54 Faraday street, Leyton, near London, writes under date of January 9, 1894: "For fifteen years I suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. I was subject to spasms which gave me intense pain. At such times I would be completely doubled up and remain helpless for half an hour or so. For weeks together I would suffer from diarrhoea. The doctor's medicine lost all power even to relieve me even for a time. Last July I got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup from Dr. Doe, and

the Syrup I am now perfectly well. (Signed) Dora Binne."



THE FORESTERS' TEMPLE  
Which was formally opened Thursday evening, September 26.

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Cartwright and her little ones have returned from Kingston, where they have been spending some time.

Mrs. W. S. Lee and Miss Mabel E. Lee have returned from England after a delightful summer. The beauties of Ireland were their *bonne bouche* and they enjoyed them immensely. Miss Lee tells of her pleasure in two days at Henley when she was punting or paddling in a "Canada," as canoes are called there, when her Toronto and Lakeside training showed her an expert.

Miss Scott and Miss Buck have returned home. By the way, the rumor that Alderman Scott intends selling out and leaving for England, which has been passed about recently, is without foundation.

Mrs. and Miss Lily Smart have returned from the continent, and Mrs. Smart is happily very much better, and though at one time everyone was more than anxious about her, that is quite a thing of the past.

"Old Trinity" in gala array, doors and windows open wide, many brilliant gowns flashing in and out of its gray portals like parti-colored butterflies, *savants* mooning behind their spectacles in benevolent content, big Toronto men in every corner at once looking after their guests, laughter and good stories (ah! those Irish mothers, what stories they can tell!) all the gradually-growing good-fellowship and good cheer which the past ten days had fostered seemed to culminate on Tuesday and Wednesday. Tuesday afternoon at Old Trinity was delightful, the more so as it was one of the last of the functions in honor of a banner week of pleasure and profit to us all. The Provost and Mrs. Welch, who are lately back from a delightful holiday in England, received the guests, and such of the professors as were at home were able hosts and enjoyed being so.

Teas galore addled the minds and hurried the movements of many smart people on Monday. Miss Dupont gave one, which was, as are all her entertainments, a distinct success; President and Mrs. Loudon gave a reception in honor of the British Scientists, and Professor and Mrs. Mavor, with Prince Krapotkin as "lion" of the hour, gave a reception in that beautiful old house in the Queen's Park, which is so artistic and interesting. The Prince is a nice "lion," and as attractive as the exile always is to the gentle sex, who, like Desdemona, love him for the perils he has passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster and their pretty daughters, who have made such a charming family group during the festivities lately concluded, have gone west to Vancouver, and will return and sail from New York on September 17.

Mrs. Alfred Denison and her little nephew went to Montreal on Tuesday for a few days' holiday.

On the Shakespeare Calendar, which many of us are possessed of, the appropriate quotation for Sunday last was, "Ignorance is the curse of God. Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended St. James cathedral last Sunday morning, and Bishop Sullivan preached what I heard described as a scientific sermon. As his lordship dealt with the creation the date was a safe one, and many persons remarked on the clever and evidently well-read discourse he gave.

The tenth annual regatta of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association took place on Saturday afternoon, being favored by beautiful day, and the course being the best ever provided for these sports. The officers of the Association are: Mr. Jack Massey, president; Mr. A. L. Eastman, vice-president; Mr. R. L. Cowan, 2nd vice-president; Mr. L. Goldman, hon. treasurer; Mr. Charlie Counsell, captain. The sports committee were: Messrs. R. E. Gagan, C. T. Clarkson, H. M. Lount, D. H. MacDougall, H. G. Wade and G. H. Muntz. Mr. J. M. Wilson, the indefatigable secretary, is a host in himself. The various events were very good, the gunwale races and the tilting being very funny, and the tub race for small boys being uproariously cheered; the brown-paper tub maneuvered by a small son of Mr. Jim Smith of Rosedale, won very handily. The canoe races in which ladies take part are always

interesting, and also the ladies' and gentlemen's tandem. The canoe race was won by Miss M. Smith and Miss Grace Massey. The barge was filled with a crowd of fathers, mothers, sweethearts, sisters and friends, who cheered and encouraged the contestants, all of whom did very well. All along the boom were moored boats, canoes, the great war canoe, the various debris of an Island merrymaking on the water, and merry parties occupied each and all. The grand stand was well filled and the course lined with spectators, among whom was more than one British Scientist taking in the fun and enjoying it immensely. This week's dance is to be a record breaker, and I suppose the prizes will be distributed on that occasion.

The Monday evening dance at the Yacht Club was by far the brightest and best of the season. It was cool, almost too cool on breezy corners for the chaperones, who are so good and patient under their many responsibilities, but all the more pleasant on that account for the said responsibilities, who frisked about the dancing parlors in great glee. Never have I seen a brighter and prettier lot of girls at these dances than were present on Monday. Now that the season wanes, their feet seem lighter and so do their hearts. Some are back from Muskoka, sunburned and hilarious; some from the shady precincts of old Niagara, others have spent the summer yachting and enjoying various simple Island pleasures. On Monday one of the sweetest of them all was Miss Lily Smart, newly arrived a fortnight ago from Europe and looking very pretty and stylish in a cream grass linen frock touched with scarlet. Miss Warner, a very popular visitor in town; Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Kappelle's guest; bright Miss Scanlon, who has been having a great time at Sandfield; a dear little lady from England, Miss Knight, who, with her father, is out for the British Association meeting; Miss Gyp Armstrong, in a red hat and red chiffon waist; Miss Aileen Gooderham in a trim suit of pale blue; the Misses Thompson from Hazeldeene, with their guests, the Misses Milligan of Bromley House; Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Inez Mitchell, little Miss Lily Lee in Island garb, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones in corn color and black and ecru canvas with delicate brocade, respectively; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George Kappelle, Mrs. Alfred T. Smith of Fort Niagara, Mr. and Miss O'Reilly, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mrs. Wilmet, Mr. Frank McLean, Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. Jack Read, Miss Reid of Rosedale, who looked charming; Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mr. Archibald, who was receiving congratulations on his victory with the Mab; Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Delasco, Mr. and Mrs. Rutter and their party, Mr. Lorne Cosby, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Howard Irish, Mrs. Joe Beatty and Miss Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb and daughter Rosaline, of Ingleside, have returned to town. Dr. C. F. Piper of London, Ontario, formerly of Toronto, is spending part of his vacation at the family cottage on Stony Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Piper of Bernard avenue at Jackson's Point.

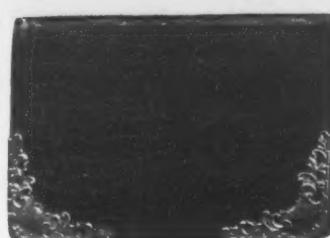
Miss Norma Reynolds has returned from her vacation in New York and will resume teaching on September 1.

For the two weeks of the Industrial Fair Hanlon's Superba will run at the Princess Theater. It is a great favorite and will delight out of town visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smallpeice and Miss Lillian Smallpeice have returned to town from Woodington, Muskoka.

Miss Florence Macpherson, the popular concert soloist of Elm street church choir, returned to town on Saturday last, after spending a most enjoyable vacation at Kettle Point, Lake Huron.

A very pretty wedding took place in Brockville on Tuesday, August 21, when Mr. Gordon Watson of the Bank of Montreal, Brockville, was married to Miss Mona Louisa Lewis, third daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. J. W. Lewis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. L. Sycamore at The Pines, the residence of the bride's mother, the reception room being beautifully decorated with golden rod and ferns. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Rev. J. G. Newsom, wore a



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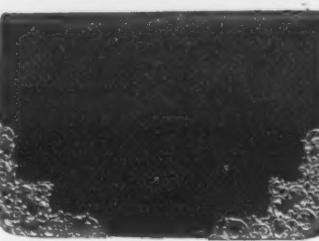
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Births.

PATTERSON—Aug. 1, Mrs. Samuel D. Patterson—a daughter.

WOODLAND—Aug. 24, Mrs. C. W. I. Woodland—a daughter.

LUKE—Aug. 17, Mrs. W. A. Luke—a daughter.

DANIEL—Aug. 22, Mrs. J. W. Daniel—a son.

SUNDERLAND—Aug. 1, Mountain, Man., Aug. 16, Mrs. Sutherland—a son.

Marriages.

MILLER—MORRISON—On August 11, at Rossland, B.C., Ernest Miller to Minnie Bell, youngest daughter of Mr. L. N. Morrison of Toronto.

DEACON—HARRIS—Aug. 25, Arthur R. Deacon to Edith M. Harris.

ROSS—BEAMISH—Aug. 18, Joseph Ross to Lizzie Beamish.

BELL—HALL—Aug. 25, Wm. George Bell to Marcellina Hall.

CAMPBELL—PEARCE—Aug. 25, W. A. F. Campbell to Emma Pearce.

WRIGHT—ATHILL—Aug. 19, Gilbert S. Wright to Mary Attrill.

STEWART—BROWN—ALSON—Aug. 11, Hamilton, Stewart-Brown to Cesarine Alson.

MCLELLAN—MCTEAR—Aug. 18, Ernest W. McTeare to Sara G. Mitchell.

KEAY—FRASER—Aug. 18, Capt. Richard H. Keay to Ada M. Fraser.

WHITE—KENNEDY—Aug. 18, Hugh White to Margaret Jane Kennedy.

ELLIOTT—GARDNER—Aug. 24, Dr. Geo. Elliott to Sophie Gardner.

Deaths.

MCCAUSLAND—Aug. 18, Robt. McCausland, aged 78.

BOLAND—Aug. 15, Catherine Boland.

MALCOLMSON—Aug. 19, Samuel Sutherland Malcolmson, aged 82.

MACKAY—Aug. 21, John Mackay, of Scotland, July 31, Mrs. Ann Easton Mackay.

GRAHAM—Sparkiel, N.Y., Aug. 15, Dugald Graham.

TILT—Aug. 17, Wilbert Joseph Tilt, aged 20.

YOUNG—Aug. 19, Annie Christina Young.

HOWLAND—Aug. 19, Henry Bedford Howland, aged 21 months.

RUXTON—Arbroath, Scotland, July 25, Isabella Gerrard Ruxton.

STIRLAND—Aug. 22, Wm. K. Stirland, aged 41.

REID—Aug. 21, Louis Reid.

WORTHY—Aug. 1, Ann Worthy, aged 80.

TRILLER—Aug. 23, John Edward Triller.

ALLEY—Aug. 23, Rachel Alley, aged 38.

THOMAS—Aug. 23, Thomas Colley.

CHARLTON—Aug. 23, Robert J. Charlton, aged 40.

MARTY—Mitchell, Aug. 16, Fred Marty, aged 67.

MILLIGAN—Aug. 16, Margaret Milligan, aged 68.

PARKINSON—Aug. 21, Mary Parkinson, aged 87.

SLATER—Aug. 21, John Slater, aged 87.

WHITE—Aug. 21, Annie White.

WHITTON—Aug. 21, John Whitton, aged 20.

McFARLAND—Aug. 22, John McFarland, aged 49.

DOTY—Oakville, Aug. 24, John A. Doty, aged 31.

RICHARDSON—Thornhill, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, aged 80.

HIRST—Aug. 25, Sarah G. Hirst, aged 69.

BLEAKEN—Aug. 24, Emma P. Bleaken, aged 53.

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